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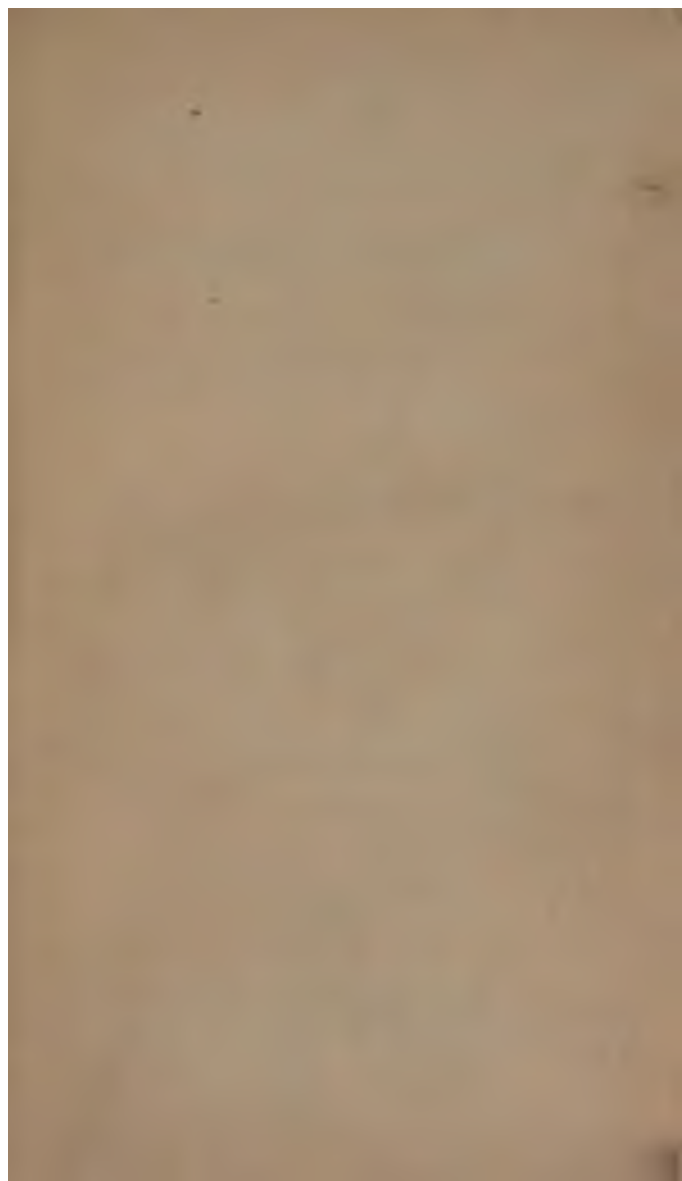
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SOME  
POLITICAL SATIRES  
OF THE  
SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

*Selected from the Writings of the*  
EARL OF ROCHESTER, SIR JOHN DENHAM,  
AND  
ANDREW MARVEL.

BY  
EDMUND GOLDSMID, F.R.H.S.  
F.S.A. (Scot.)

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POLITICAL SATIRES.







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POLITICAL SATIRES  
OF  
JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER.



THE HISTORY OF INSIPIDS : A LAMPOON, 1676.

C Hast, pious, prudent, C—— the Second,  
The Miracle of thy Restoration,  
May like to that of Quails be reckon'd  
Rain'd on the *Israelitish* Nation ;  
The wish'd for Blessing from Heav'n sent,  
Became their Curse and Punishment.

The Vertues in thee, C—— inherent,  
Altho thy Count'nance be an odd-piece,  
Prove thee as true a God's Vicegerent  
As e'er was *Harry* with a Codpiece :  
For Chastity and pious Deeds,  
His Grandsire *Harry*, C—— exceeds.

Our *Romish* Bondage-breaker *Harry*,  
Espoused half a dozen Wives ;  
C—— only one resolv'd to marry,  
And other Mens he never ——  
Yet hath he Sons and Daughters more,  
Than e'er had *Harry* by threescore.

Never was such a Faith's Defender,  
He like a politick Prince and Pious,  
Gives liberty to Conscience tender,  
And doth to no Religion tye us.  
*Turks, Christians, Jews, Papists*, he'll please us,  
With *Moses, Mahomet*, or *J—s*.

In all Affairs of Church or State,  
He very Zealous is, and able,  
Devout at Prayers, and sits up late  
At the Cabal and Council-Table ;  
His very Dog at Council-Board,  
Sits grave and wise as any Lord.

Let *C—* his Policy no man flout,  
The wisest Kings have all some Folly ;  
Nor let his Piety any doubt ;  
*C—* like a Sovereign wise and holy,  
Makes young Men Judges of the Bench,  
And Bishops those that love a Wench.

His Father's Foes he doth reward,  
Preserving those that cut off's Head ;  
Old Cavaliers the Crown's best Guard,  
He let's them starve for want of Bread.  
Never was any King endow'd  
With so much Grace and Gratitude.

*Blood* that wears Treason in his Face,  
Villain compleat, in Parson's Gown,

How much is he at Court in Grace  
For stealing *Ormond* and the Crown ?  
Since Loyalty does no man good,  
Let's steal the King and out-do *Blood*.

A Parliament of Knaves and Sots,  
Members by name, you must not mention,  
He keeps in Pay, and buys their Votes ;  
Here with a Place, there with a Pension.  
When to give Money he can't cologue 'um,  
He doth with Scorn prorogue, prorogue 'um.

But they long since, by too much giving,  
Undid, betray'd and sold the Nation ;  
Making their Memberships a Living,  
Better than e'er was Sequestration.  
God give thee *C*—— a Resolution,  
To damn the Knaves by Dissolution.

Fame is not grounded on Success,  
Tho' Victories were *Cæsar's* Glory ;  
Lost Battels make not *Pompey* less,  
But left them stiled great in Story.  
Malicious Fate doth oft devise  
To beat the Brave, and Fool the Wise.

*Charles* in the first *Dutch* War stood fair  
To have been Sovereign of the Deep ;  
When *Opdam* blew up in the Air,  
Had not his Highness gone to sleep,

Our Fleet slack'd Sails, fearing his waking,  
The *Dutch* else had been in sad taking.

The *Bergen* Business was well laid,  
Tho' we paid dear for that Design :  
Had we not three days parl'ing staid,  
The *Dutch* Fleet there, *Charles*, had been thine.  
Tho' the false *Dane* agreed to sell 'um,  
He cheated us, and saved *Skellum*.

Had not *Charles* sweetly chous'd the States,  
By *Bergen* baffle grown more wise,  
And made them s—— as small as Rats,  
By their rich *Smyrna* Fleet's surprize.  
Had haughty *Holms* but call'd in *Spragg*,  
*Hans* had been put into a Bag.

Mists, Storms, short Victuals, adverse Winds,  
And once the Natives wise Division,  
Defeated *Charles* his best designs,  
Till he became his Foes Derision.  
But he had swing'd the *Dutch* at *Chatham*,  
Had he had Ships but to come at 'um.

Our *Blackheath* Host without dispute,  
Rais'd, (put on Board, why, no man knows)  
Must *Charles* have render'd absolute  
Over his Subjects, or his Foes.  
Has not the *French* King made us Fools,  
By taking *Maestricht* with our Tools ?

But *Charles*, what could thy Policy be,  
To run so many sad Disasters ;  
To joyn thy Fleet with false *D'Etree*,  
To make the *French* of *Holland* Masters ?  
Was't *Carwell*, Brother *James*, or *Teague*,  
That made thee break the Triple League ?

Could *Robin Viner* have foreseen  
The glorious Triumphs of his Master,  
The *Wool-Church* Statue Gold had been,  
Which now is made of Alabaster :  
But wise Men think, had it been Wood,  
'Twere for a Bankrupt King too good.

Those that the Fabrick well consider,  
Do of it diversly discourse ;  
Some pays their Censure of the Rider,  
Others their Judgment of the Horse :  
Most say the *Steed's* a goodly thing,  
But all agree 'tis a Lewd K——.

By the Lord Mayor and his grave Coxcombs,  
Free-man of *London Charles* is made ;  
Then to *Whitehall* a Rich Gold Box comes,  
Which was bestow'd on the *French* Jade.  
But wonder not it should be so, Sirs,  
When Monarchs rank themselves with Grocers.

Cringe, scrape no more, ye City Fops,  
Leave off your Feasting and fine Speeches,

Beat up your Drums, shut up your Shops,  
The Courtiers then will kiss your breeches.  
Arm'd, tell the Popish Duke that rules,  
You're Free-born Subjects, not *French* Mules.

New Upstarts, Pimps, Bastards, Whores,  
That Locust-like devour the Land,  
By shutting up th' Exchequer Doors,  
When thither our Money was trepann'd,  
Have render'd *C*—— his Restauration  
But a small Blessing to the Nation.

Then *C*—— beware of thy Brother *York*,  
Who to thy Government gives Law ;  
If once we fall to the old Sport,  
You must again both to *Breda* :  
Where 'spight of all that would restore you,  
Grown wise by wrongs, we shall abhor you.

If of all Christian Blood the guilt  
Cry loud for Vengeance unto Heaven ;  
That Sea by treacherous *Lewis* spilt,  
Can never be by God forgiven :  
Worse Scourge unto his Subjects, Lord,  
Than Pest'lence, Famine, Fire or Sword.

That false rapacious Wolf of *France*,  
The Scourge of Europe, and its Curse,  
Who at his Subjects cry does dance,  
And studies how to make them worse.

To say such Kings, Lord, rule by thee,  
Were most prodigious Blasphemy.

Such know no Laws but their own Lust,  
Their Subjects Substance, and their Blood,  
They count it Tribute due and just,  
Still spent and spilt for Subjects good.  
If such Kings are by God appointed,  
The Devil may be the Lord's Anointed.\*

Such Kings, curst be the Power and Name,  
Let all the World henceforth abhor 'em;  
Monsters which Knaves Sacred proclaim,  
And then like Slaves fall down before 'em.  
What can there be in Kings Divine?  
The most are Wolves, Goats, Sheep, or Swine.

Then farewell Sacred Majesty,  
Let's pull all Brutish Tyrants down;  
Where Men are born and still live free,  
Here ev'ry Head doth wear a Crown.  
Mankind like miserable Frogs,  
Prove wretched, King'd by Storks and Logs.



---

\* All readers of French poetry will be struck with the resemblance in thought between these last two verses and Béranger's "Bon Dieu."



## ROCHESTER'S FAREWEL, 1680.

**T**Ir'd with the noysom Follies of the Age,  
 And weary of my part, I quit the Stage ;  
 For who in Life's dull Farce a part would bear,  
 Where Rogues, Whores, Bawds, all the head  
 Actors are ?

Long I with charitable Malice strove,  
 Lashing the Court, those Vermin to remove ;  
 But thriving-Vice under the Rod still grew,  
 As aged Letchers whipp'd, their Lust renew.  
 Yet tho' my Life hath unsuccessful been,  
 (For who can this *Augæan* Stable clean ?)  
 My gen'rous End I will pursue in Death,  
 And at Mankind rail with my parting breath.  
 First then, the *Tangier* Bullies must appear,  
 With open Bravery, and dissembled Fear :  
*Mulg*—\* their Head ; but Gen'ral have a care,  
 Tho' skill'd in all those Arts that cheat the Fair,  
 The undiscerning and Impartial *Moor*  
 Spares not the Lover on the Ladies score.  
 Think how many perish by one fatal shot,  
 The Conquests all thy Ogling ever got.  
 Think then (as I presume you do) how all  
 The *English* Beauties will lament your fall ;  
 Scarce will there greater Grief pierce ev'ry heart,  
 Should Sir *George Hewit* or Sir *Carr* depart.  
 Had it not better been, than thus to roam,  
 To stay and tye the Cravat-string at home ?

---

\* *Mulgrave*.

To strut, look big, shake Pantaloon, and swear  
 With *Hewit*, *Damme*, there's no Action there.  
 Had'st thou no Friend that would to *Rowly* write,  
 To hinder this thy eagerness to fight ?  
 That without danger thou a Brave might'st be,  
 As sure to be deny'd as *Shrews*—*y*.  
 This sure the Ladies had not fail'd to do,  
 But who such Courage could suspect in you ?  
 For say, what reason could with you prevail,  
 To change Embroider'd Coat for Coat of Mail ?  
 Let *Plimouth*, or let *Mord*—*t* \* go, whom Fate  
 Has made not valiant but desperate.  
 For who would not be weary of his Life,  
 Who's lost his Mony, or has got a Wife ?  
 To the more tolerable Alcaid of *Alcazzer*,  
 One flies from's Creditors, the other from *Frazier* ;  
 'Twere cruelty to make too sharp Remarks  
 On all the little, forward, fighting Sparks.  
 Only poor *Charles*, I can't but pity thee,  
 When all the pert young Volunteers I see ;  
 Those Chits in War, who as much Mirth create,  
 As the Pair Royal of the Chits of State :  
 Their Names shall equal, or exceed in Story,  
 Chit *Sund*—*d*, † Chit *Godo*—*n*, ‡ and Chit *L*—*y*. §  
 When thou let'st *Plimouth* go, 'twas such a jest,  
 As when the Brother made the same request ;  
 Had *Richmond* but got leave as well as he,  
 The jest had been complete and worthy thee.

---

\* Mordaunt. † Sunderland. ‡ Godolphin.  
 § (?) Laudy, for Lauderdale.

Well, since he must, he'll to *Tangier* advance,  
 It is resolv'd, but first let's have a Dance.  
 First, at her Highness Ball he must appear,  
 And in a parting Country Dance, learn there  
 With Drum and Fife to make a Jig of War ;  
 What is of Souldier seen in all the heap,  
 Besides the flut'ring Feather in the Cap,  
 The Scarf, and Yard or two of Scarlet Cloth,  
 From Gen'ral *Mulg*——e, down to little *Wroth* ?  
 But now they're all embark'd, and curse their Fate,  
 Curse *Charles* that gave 'em leave, and much  
 more *Kate*,\*

Who than *Tangier* to *England* and the King  
 No greater Plague, besides her self, could bring ;  
 And wish the *Moors*, since now their hand was in,  
 As they have got her Portion, had the Queen.  
 There leave we them, and back to *England* come,  
 Whereby the wiser Sparks that stay at home,  
 In safe Ideas by their Fancy form'd,  
*Tangier* (like *Mastrick*) is at *Windsor* storm'd.  
 But now we talk of *Maestrick* ; where is he,  
 Fam'd for that brutal piece of Bravery ?  
 He with his thick impenetrable Scull,  
 The solid hard'ned Armour of a Fool :  
 Well might himself to all Wars ill expose,  
 Who (come what will yet) had no Brains to lose :  
 Yet this is he, the dull unthinking he,  
 Who must (forsooth) our future Monarch be.†  
 This Fool by Fools (*Armstrong* and *Ven—n*) led,

---

\* Catherine of Braganza.

† Duke of York.

Dream that a Crown will drop upon his head ;  
 By great Example, he this Path doth tread.  
 Following such senseless Asses up and down,  
 (For *Saul* sought Asses when he found a Crown.)  
 But *Ross* is risen as *Samuel* at his call,  
 To tell that God hath left th' ambitious *Saul*.  
 Never (says Heaven) shall the blushing Sun  
 See *Proger's* Bastard \* fill the Regal Throne.  
 So Heaven says, but *Bran* —† says he shall,  
 But who e'er he protects is sure to fall.  
 Who can more certain of Destruction be,  
 Than he that trusts to such a Rogue as he?  
 What good can come from him who *York* forsook,  
 T'espouse the Interest of this booby Duke?  
 But who the best of Masters could de ert,  
 Is the most fit to take a Traytor's part.  
 Ungrateful ! This thy Master-piece of sin,  
 Exceeds ev'n that with which thou didst begin,  
 Thou great Proficient in the Trade of Hell,  
 Whose latter Crimes still do thy first excel :  
 The very top of Villany we seize,  
 By steps in order, and by just degrees.  
 None e'er was perfect Villain in one day,  
 The murder'd Boy to Treason led the way ;  
 But when degrees of Villany we name,  
 How can we chuse but think on *Bukingham* ? ‡  
 He who through all of them hath boldly ran,  
 Left ne'er a Law unbroke of God or Man.

---

\* It was said that several children of Edward Progers bore a strong resemblance to Charles II.

† Brandon.

‡ George Villiers the younger.

His treasur'd Sins of Supererogation,  
Swell to a sum enough to damn a Nation :  
But he must here *per* force be let alone,  
His Acts require a Volume of their own :  
Where rank'd in dreadful order shall appear,  
All his Exploits from *Shrews—ry* to *Le Meer*.  
But stay, methinks I on a sudden find  
My Pen to treat of th' other Sex inclin'd :  
But where in all this choice shall I begin ?  
Where, but with the renowned *Mazarine* ?  
For all the Bawds the Court's rank Soil doth bear,  
And Bawds and Statesmen grow in plenty there,  
To thee submit and yield, should we be just  
To thy experienc'd and well-travel'd Lust :  
Thy well-known Merits claim that thou should'st be  
First in the glorious Roll of Infamy.  
To thee they all give place, and Homage pay  
Do all thy Letcherous Decrees obey ;  
Thou Queen of Lust, the Bawdy Subjects they.  
While *Sussex*, *Brughill*, *Betty Felton* come,  
Thy Whores of Honour, to attend thy Throne ;  
For what proud Strumpet e'er could merit more,  
Than be Anointed the Imperial Whore ?  
For tell me in all *Europe*, where's the part,  
That is not conscious of thy Lewd desert.  
The great *Pedalion* Youth, whose Conquests run  
O'er all the World, and travel'd with the Sun,  
Made not his Valour in more Nations known,  
Than thou thy Lust, thy matchless Lust hast shown.  
All Climes, all Countries do with Tribute come,

(Thou World of Lewdness) to thy boundless Womb:  
Thou Sea of Lust, that never ebb dost know,  
Whither the Rivers of all Nations flow.  
Lewd *Messaline* was but a Type of thee,  
Thou highest, last degree of Letchery :  
For in all Ages, except her and you,  
Who ever sin'd so high, and stoop'd so low ?  
She to the Imperial Bed each Night did use  
To bring the stink of the exhausted Stews ;  
Tir'd (but not satisfy'd) with Man did come,  
Drunk with abundant Lust, and reeling home.  
But thou to our admiring Age dost show  
More sin, than innocent *Rome* did ever know ;  
And having all her Lewdnesses out-ran,  
Tak'st up with Devil, having tir'd Man.  
For what is else that loathsome ugly Black,  
Which you and *Sussex* in your Arms do take ?  
Nor does Old Age, which now rides on so fast,  
Make thee come short of all thy Lewdness past :  
Tho' on thy Head, Grey Hairs, like *Etna's* Snow,  
Are shed, thou'rt Fire and Brimstone all below ;  
Thou monstrous thing, in whom at once do rage  
The Flames of Youth, and Impotence of Age.  
My Lady Dutchess \* takes the second place,  
Proud with thy favour and peculiar grace ;  
Even she with all her Piety and Zeal,  
The hotter flames that burn in thee does feel.  
Thou dost into her kindling Breast inspire  
The lustful Seeds of thy contagious fire :

---

\* Lady Castlemaine, duchess of Cleveland.

So well the Spirit and the Flesh agree,  
 Lust and Devotion, Zeal and Letchery.  
 Of what Important use Religion's made,  
 By those who wisely drive the cheating Trade !  
 As Wines prohibited, securely pass,  
 Changing the Name of their own native Place.  
 So Vice grows safe, dress'd in Devotion's Name,  
 Unquestion'd by the Custom-house of Fame :  
 Where ever too much Sanctity you see,  
 Be more suspicious of hid Villany.  
 Whose'ever's Zeal is than his Neighbour's more,  
 If Man, suspect him Rogue ; if Woman, Whore :  
 And such a thing art thou, religious Pride,  
 So very Lew'd, and yet so Sanctify'd.  
 Let now the Dutchess take no further care,  
 Of numerous Stallions let her not despair,  
 Since her indulgent Stars so kind have been,  
 To send her *Bromeley*, *H——*\* and *Mazarine* ;  
 This last doth banished *Monmouth's* place supply,  
 And Wit supplanted is by Letchery.

For *Monmouth* she had Parts, and Wit, and Sense,  
 To all of which *Mazarine* had no pretence ;  
 A proof that since such things as she prevail,  
 Her Highness Head is lighter, than her Tail.  
 But stay, I *Portsmouth* almost had forgot,  
 The common Theam of ev'ry Rhiming *Sot* ;  
 She'll after railing make us laugh a while,  
 For at her Folly, who can chuse but smile ?  
 While them who always slight her, great she makes.

---

\* (?) Hobart.

And so much pains to be despis'd she takes,  
 Goes sauntering with her Highness up to Town,  
 To an old Play, and in the dark comes down ;  
 Still makes her Court to her, as to the Queen,  
 But still is justled out by *Mazarine*.  
 So much more worthy a kind Bawd is thought,  
 Than even she, who her from Exile brought.  
 O *Portsmouth*, foolish *Portsmouth*! Not to take  
 The offer the great *Sund*——*d* did make ;  
 When cringing at thy Feet, e'en *Monmouth* bow'd,  
 The Golden Calf, that's worship'd by the Crowd.  
 But thou for *Y*——*k*,\* who now despises thee,  
 To leave both him and powerful *Shaftsbury*.  
 If this is all the Policy you know,  
 This all the skill in States you boast of so,  
 How wisely did thy Country's Laws ordain,  
 Never to let the foolish Woman reign ?  
 But what must we expect, who daily see  
 Unthinking *Charles* rul'd by Unthinking thee ?

---

ON THE YOUNG STATESMAN.

*C*larendon had Law and Sense,  
*Clifford* was Fierce and Brave,  
*Bennet's* grave Look was a Pretence,  
 And *D*——*y*'s† matchless Impudence  
 Help'd to support the Knave.

---

\* York.

† Danby.



But *Sund*—*d*, *God*—*n*, *L*—*y*,  
 These will appear such Chits in Story,  
 'Twill turn all Politicks to Jests,  
 To be repeated like *John Dory*,  
 When Fidlers sing at Feasts.

Protect us, mighty Providence,  
 What wou'd these Madmen have ?  
 First, they wou'd bribe us without Pence,  
 Deceive us without common Sense,  
 And without Pow'r enslave.

Shall free-born Men in humble Awe,  
 Submit to servile Shame ;  
 Who from Consent and Custom, draw  
 The same Right to be rul'd by Law  
 Which Kings pretend to Reign ?

The Duke shall weild his conq'ring Sword,  
 The Chancellor make his Speech ;  
 The King shall pass his honest Worl,  
 The pawn'd Revenue Sums afford ;  
 And then come kiss my B——.

So have I seen a King on Chess,  
 (His Rooks and Knights withdrawn,  
 His Queen and Bishops in distress,)  
     about, grow less and less,  
     re and there a Pawn.

## PORTSMOUTH'S LOOKING-GLASS.

**M**Ethinks I see you newly risen,  
From your embroider'd Bed, and P——g ;  
With studied Mein, and much Grimace,  
Present your self before your Glass,  
To varnish and rub o'er those Graces,  
You rub'd off in your Night Embraces :  
To set your Hair, your Eyes, your Teeth,  
And all those Powers you conquer with ;  
Lay Trains of Love, and State Intrigues,  
In Powders, Trimmings, and curl'd Wigs :  
And nicely chuse, and neatly spread  
Upon your Cheeks the best *French* Red.  
Indeed for Whites, none can compare  
With those you naturally wear :  
And tho' her Highness much delights  
To laugh and talk about your Whites,  
I never could perceive your Grace  
Made use of any for your Face.  
Here 'tis you practise all your Art,  
To triumph o'er a Monarch's Heart ;  
Tattle, and smile, and wink and twink on't,  
It almost makes me Spew to think on't.  
These are your Master-strokes of Beauty,  
That keeps poor *Rowley* to hard Duty :  
And how can all these be withstood,  
By frail and amorous Flesh and Blood ?  
These are the Charms that have bewicht him,  
As if a Conjurer's Rod had switcht him,

Made him he knows not what to do,  
But loll and fumble here with you.  
Amongst your Ladies, and his Chits,  
At Cards and Council here he sits :  
Yet minds not how they play at either,  
Nor cares he when 'tis walking Weather :  
Business and Power he has resign'd,  
And all things to your mighty Mind.  
Is there a *Minister of State*,  
Or any Treasurer of late,  
That's fawning and imperious too ?  
He owes his Greatness all to you :  
And as you see just Cause to do't,  
You keep him in, or turn him out.  
Hence 'tis you give us War and Peace,  
Raise Men, disband them as you please,  
Take any Pensions, retrench Wages,  
For Petticoats, and lusty Pages :  
Contrive and execute all Laws,  
Suiting the Judges to the Cause.  
Learn'd *Scrogs* and honest *Jeffereys*,  
A faithful Friend to you whoe'er is ;  
He made the Jury come in Booty,  
And for your Service, would hang *Doughty*.  
You govern every Council-meeting,  
Make the Fools do as you think fitting :  
Your Royal Cully has Command  
Only from you at second hand ;  
He does but at the Helm appear,  
Sits there and sleeps, while your Slaves steer :

And you are the bright *Northern* Star,  
 By which they guide this Man of War ;  
 Yet without doubt they might him lead  
 Much better, were you better see'd.\*  
 Many begin to think of late,  
 His Crown and — have both one Date ;  
 For as they fall, so falls the State.  
 And as his Reins prove loose and weak,  
 The Reins of Government must break.

---

## THE DISPUTE.

**B**Etwixt Father *Patrick* and his Highness of  
 late,  
 There happened a strong and a weighty Debate.  
 Religion the Theme. 'Tis strange that they two  
 Should dispute about that which neither of 'em  
 knew ;  
 When I dare boldly say, if the 'Truth were but  
 known,  
 The Weakness of *Patrick*, and Strength of his own,  
 He'd have call'd it a Madness, and much like a  
 Curse,  
 To have chang'd from a good one, to that which  
 is worse ;

---

\* The original lines are so coarse that in this instance I have thought it better to modify them.

But the Reasons which made most his Highness to  
yield,

And willingly quit to St. *Patrick* the field,

Were————

First, Sir, they cheat you, and leave you i'th'  
Lurch,

Who tell you there can b' any more than one  
Church.

And next unto that he averr'd for a certain,  
No Footsteps of ours could be found before *Martin*.  
Now, at these two Reasons, so deep and profound,  
His Highness had like to have fall'n in a Swoon ;  
But at length he cry'd out, Father *Patrick*, I find  
By the sudden Conversion, and Change of my  
Mind,

It is not your Reason, nor Wit can afford  
Such Strength to your Cause ; 'tis the Finger o'th'  
Lord,

For now I remember he somewhere has said,  
That by Babes and Sucklings his Truth is con-  
veyed.

Thus ends the Dispute 'twixt the Priest and the  
Knight,

In which, to say Truth, and to do 'em both Right,  
He manag'd the Cause, as he did the Sea-fight.



TUNBRIDGE WELLS, JUNE 30, 1675.

AT five this Morn, when *Phæbus* rais'd his head  
 From *Thetis* Lap, I rais'd my self from Bed,  
 And mounting Steed, I trotted to the Waters,  
 The Rendevouze of Fool, Buffoons and Praters,  
 Cuckolds, Whores, Citizens, their Wives and  
 Daughters.

My squeemish Stomach, I with Wine had brib'd,  
 To undertake the Dose, it was prescribed :  
 But turning Head a cursed suddain Crew,  
 That innocent Provision overthrew,  
 And without drinking, made me Purge and Spew.  
 From Coach and Six, a Thing unwealdy roll'd,  
 Whom lumber Cart, more decently would hold :  
 As wise as Calf it looked, as big as Bully,  
 But handled, prov'd a meere Sir *Nicholas Cully* ;  
 A Bawling Fop, a *Natural Nokes*, and yet  
 He dared to Censure, to be thought a Wit.  
 To make him more Ridiculous in spight,  
 Nature contriv'd the Fool should be a Knight :  
 How wise is Nature when she does dispence,  
 A large Estate to cover want of Sence,  
 The Man's a Fool, 'tis true, but that's no matter,  
 For He's a mighty Wit, with those that flatter ;  
 But a *poor Blockade*, is a wretched Creature,  
 Tho' he alone was dismal sight enough,  
 His Train contributed to set him off,  
 All of his Shape, all of the self-same Stuff.  
 No Spleen or Malice need on them be thrown,

Nature has done the business of Lampoon,  
And in their Looks their Characters are shown.  
Endeavouring this irksome fight to baulk,  
And a more irksome noise their silly Talk ;  
I silently shrunk down to th' lower Walk.  
But often when we would *Charibdis* shun,  
Down upon *Scylla* 'tis our Fate to run ;  
For here it was my cursed luck to find,  
As great a Fop, tho' of another kind,  
A tall stiff Fool, that walked in Spanish guise,  
The Buckram Puppet never stirr'd his Eyes,  
But grave as Owlet look'd, as Woodcock wise.  
He scorns the empty talk of this mad Age,  
And speaks all Proverbs, Sentences, adage ;  
Can with as great solemnity buy Eggs,  
As a Cabal can talk of their Intrigues ;  
Master oth' Ceremonies, yet can dispence,  
With the formality of talking sence.  
From hence unto the upper end I ran,  
Where a new Scene of Foppery began ;  
A tribe of Curates, Priests, Canonical Elves,  
Were company for none besides themselves :  
They got together, each his Distemper told,  
Scurvy, Stone, Strangury ; and some were bold,  
To charge the Spleen to be their Misery,  
And on that wise Disease bring Infamy.  
But none there were so modest to complain  
Of want of Learning, Honesty or Brain,  
The general Diseases of that Train.  
They call themselves Ambassadors of Heaven,

Saucily pretending a Commission given :  
But should an *Indian* King, whose small Command,  
Seldom extends t'above ten miles of Land ;  
Send forth such wretched Fools on an Embassy,  
He'd find but small effect, from such a Message,  
Listening, I found the Cobb of all the Rabble,  
Was pert \**Bays*, with Importance comfortable ;  
He being rais'd to an Arch-deaconry,  
By trampling on Religious Liberty ;  
Was grown so fat, and look'd so big and jolly,  
Not being disturb'd with care and melancholly,  
Tho' *Marvel* has enough expos'd his folly :  
He drank to carry off some old remains,  
His lazy dull Distemper left in's Veins ;  
Let him drink on, but 'tis not a whole Flood,  
Can give sufficient sweetness, to his Blood,  
Or make his Nature or his Manners good.  
Next after these, a fulsome *Irish* Crew,  
Of silly Macks were offered to my view ;  
'The things they talk, but hearing what they said,  
I hid my self, the kindness to evade.  
Nature has placed these Wretches below scorn,  
They can't be call'd so vile as they were born.  
Amidst the crowd, next I my self convey'd  
For now there comes (White-wash, and Paint  
being laid,)  
Mother and Daughter, Mistress and the Maid,  
And Squire with Wig and Pantaloons display'd ;

---

\* *Parker.*



But ne're could Conventicle, Play or Fair,  
 For a true Medly, with this Herd compare.  
 Here Lords, Knights, Squires, Ladies and  
 Countesses,  
 Chandlers, Mum, Bacon, Women and Semp-  
 stresses,  
 Were mix'd together, nor did they agree,  
 More in their Humours, than their Quality.  
 Here waiting for Gallant, young Damsel stood,  
 Leaning on Cane, and Muffled up in Hood :  
 The would-be wit—whose business 'twas to woo,  
 With Hat remov'd, and solemn scrapes of Shooe ;  
 Bowing advanced, then he gently shrugs,  
 And ruffled Fore-top he in order tugs ;  
 And thus accosts her, "Madam, methinks the  
 Weather  
 " Is grown much more serene since you came  
 hither ;  
 " You influence the Heavens ; and should the Sun  
 " Withdraw himself to see his Rays out done ;  
 " Your Luminaries would supply the Morn,  
 " And make a Day, before the Day be born."  
 With Mouthscrew'd up, and aukward winking Eyes,  
 And brest thrust forward ; "Lord, Sir," she replies:  
 " It is my goodness, and not your deserts,  
 Which makes you shew your Learning, Wit and  
 Parts."  
 He puzzled, bites his Nails, both to display  
 The Sparkling Ring, and think what's next to say :  
 And thus breaks out afresh, "Madam, I'gad,

Your Luck, last Night at Cards was mighty bad  
 At Cribbage ; Fifty nine, and the next shew,  
 To make your Game, and yet to want those Two,  
 G—— d—— me, Madam, I'm the Son of a Whore,  
 If in my Life, I saw the like before."

To Pedler's Hall he drags her soon and says,  
 The same dull stuff a thousand different ways ;  
 And then more smartly to expound the Riddle  
 Of all his Prattle, gives her a Scotch Fiddle.  
 Quite tir'd with this most dismal stuff ; I ran  
 Where were two Wives, and Girl just fit for Man,  
 Short was her Breath, Looks Pale, and Visage wan.  
 Some Curtisy's past, and the old Compliment,  
 Of being glad to see each other spent :  
 With Hand in Hand they lovingly did walk,  
 And one began thus to renew the Talk.

" I pray, good Madam, if it may be thought  
 No Rudeness, what cause was't hither brought  
 Your Ladiship ? " She soon replying smil'd,  
 " We have a good Estate, but ne're a Child ;  
 And I'm inform'd these Wells will make a barren  
 Woman, as fruitful as a Cony-warren."

The first return'd ; " for this Cause I am come,  
 For I can have no Quietness at Home.  
 My Husband grumbles tho' we've gotten one,  
 This poor young Girl, and mutters for a Son ;  
 And she with Head-ach, which will not be  
 mov'd ;

She's full Sixteen, and yet has never lov'd."  
 She answer'd, strait, " Get her a Husband, quick,

I Married at that Age, and yet I was sick ;  
Was just like her, Steel Waters let alone,  
A Back of Steel will soon give her bone.\*  
And ten to one, but they themselves will try,  
The same way to increase their Family.  
Poor silly Fribble who by Subtilty  
Of Midwife, truest Friend to Letchery ;  
Persuaded art to be at Pains and Charge,  
To give thy Wife occasion to enlarge  
Thy silly Head. Some here Walk, Cuff and Woo  
With brawny Back and silver buckl'd shoe,  
Who more substantially will cure thy Wife,  
And to her half Dead-Womb restore new Life.  
From these the Waters got their Reputation  
Of good Assistance unto Generation.  
Some warlike Men were now got to the Throng,  
With Hair ty'd back, singing a bawdy Song :  
Not much afraid, I got a nearer View,  
And 'twas my chance to know the Dreadful Crew :  
They were Cadets, that seldom did appear,  
Damn'd to the stint of Thirty Pounds a Year,  
With Hawk on Fist, or Greyhound led in Hand,  
They Dog and Foot-boy sometimes do command ;  
But now having trim'd a leash of spavin'd Horse,  
With three hard-pincht-for Guineas in their Purse  
Two rusty Pistols, Scarf about their ——  
Coat lin'd with Red, they have presum'd to swell ;  
This goes for Captain, that for Collonel :

---

\* These last six lines I have been compelled to alter slightly.

Ev'n so Bear-Garden Ape, on his Steed mounted,  
No longer is a Jackanapes accounted,  
But is by Vertue of his Trumpery, then  
Call'd by the Name of the young Gentleman.  
Bless me ! thought I, what Thing is Man that  
thus

In all his shapes, he is ridiculous.  
Our selves with noise of Reason we do please  
In vain, Humanity's our worst Disease ;  
Thrice happy Beasts are, who, because they be  
Of Reason void, and so of Foppery.

---

## PINDARICK.

**L** Et Ancients boast no more,  
Their lewd Imperial Whore ;  
Whose everlasting Lust,  
Survived her Body's last Thrust.  
And when that transitory Dust  
Had no more Vigour left in store,  
Was still as fresh and active, as before.

Her Glory must give place,  
To one of Modern British Race ;  
Whose every daily Act exceeds  
The others most transcendent Deeds :  
She has at length made good,  
That there is Humane Flesh and Blood,  
Even able to out-do,  
All that their loosest Wishes prompt them to.

When she has Jaded quite,  
 Her almost Boundless appetite ;  
 Cloy'd with the choicest Banquets of Delight,  
 She'll still trudge on in tasteless Vice,  
 (As if she sinn'd for Exercise)  
 Disabling stoutest Stallions every hour,  
 And when they can perform no more,  
 She'll rail at 'em, and kick them out of Door.

*Mon*—*th*\* and *Ca*—*h* Droop,  
 As first did *Henning*—*m*† and *Scrope* :  
 Nay, Scabby *Ned* looks Thin and Pale,  
 And sturdy *Frank* himself begins to fail :  
 But Wo betide him if he does,  
 She'll set her *Jockey* on his Toes,  
 And he shall end the Quarrel without Blows.

Now tell me all you Pow'rs,  
 Whoe'er could equal this Lewd Dame of ours?  
*Lais* her self must yield,  
 And vanquish'd *Julia* quit the field :

Nor can that Princess, one day fam'd,  
 As wonder of the Earth,  
 For *Minataurus* glorious Birth,  
 With Admiration any more be Nam'd  
 These Puny Heroins of History,  
 Eclipsed by her shall all forgotten be  
 Whilst her great Name confronts Eternity.‡

---

\* Monmouth.

† Henningham.

‡ This bitter attack was delivered against Lady Castlemaine.



# POLITICAL SATIRES

BY

SIR JOHN DENHAM.





# POLITICAL SATIRES

OF

SIR JOHN DENHAM.



TO THE KING.

**I**MPERIAL Prince, King of the Seas and Isles !  
Dear Object of our Joy, and Heaven's smiles !  
What boots it that thy Light doth gild our Days,  
That we lie basking in thy milder Rays,  
While Swarms of Insects, from thy warmth begun,  
Our Land devour, and intercept our Sun ?  
Thou, like *Jove's Minos*, rul'd a greater *Creet* ;  
And for its hundred Cities, count'st thy Fleet.  
Why wilt thou that State-*Dædalus* allow,  
Who builds thee but a Lab'rinth, and a Cow ?  
If thou art *Minos*, be a Judge severe,  
In his own Maze confine the Engineer.  
O may our Sun, since he to nigh presumes,  
Melt the soft Wax wherewith he imps his Plumes !  
And may he falling leave his hated Name  
Unto those Seas his War hath set on Flame !  
From that Enchanter having clear'd thine Eyes,  
Thy native Sight will pierce within the Skies,  
And view those Kingdoms calm with Joy and  
Light,



Where's Universal Triumph, but no Fight.  
 Since both from Heaven thy Race and Power  
     descend.  
 Rule by its Pattern there to re-ascend.  
 Let Justice only awe, and Battel cease ;  
 Kings are but Cards in War ; they're Gods in  
     Peace.

---

TO THE SAME.

**G**REAT Prince, and so much Greater, as more  
     wise ;  
 Sweet as our Life, and dearer than our Eyes ;  
 What Servants will conceal, and Councils spare  
 To tell, the Poets and the Painters dare.  
 And the assistance of an Heavenly Muse,  
 And Pencil, represent the Crimes abstruse.  
 Here needs no Fleet, no Sword, no Foreign Foe ;  
 Only let Vice be damn'd, and Justice flow.  
 Shake but, like *Jove*, thy Locks divine, and frown,  
 Thy Scepter will suffice to guard thy Crown.  
 Hark to *Cassandra's* Song, e'er Fate destroy,  
 By thy loud-Navy's wooden Horse, thy *Troy*.  
 As our *Apollo*, from the Tumult's wave,  
 And gentle Calms, tho' but in Oars will save ;  
 So *Philomel* her sad Embroidery strung,  
 And vocal Silks tun'd with her Needles Tongue.  
 The Pictures dumb in Colours loud reveal'd ;  
 The Tragedies at Court so long conceal'd ;  
 But when restor'd to Voice inclos'd with Wings,  
 To Woods and Groves what once the Painter sings.

## DIRECTIONS TO A PAINTER.

**D**raw *England* ruin'd, by what was given before,  
Then draw the Commons slow in giving more.  
Too late grown wiser, they their Treasure see  
Consum'd by Fraud, or lost by Treachery ;  
And vainly now would some Account receive  
Of those vast Sums which they so idly gave,  
And trusted to the management of such  
As *Dunkirk* sold, to make War with the *Dutch*.  
*Dunkirk*, design'd once to a nobler Use,  
Than to erect a petty Lawyer's House.  
But what Account could they from those expect,  
Who to grow Rich themselves the State neglect ?  
Men, who in *England* have no other Lot,  
Than what they by betraying it have got ;  
Who can pretend to nothing but Disgrace,  
Where neither Birth nor Merit find a place.  
Plague, Fire, and War, have been the Nation's  
Curse,  
But to have these our Rulers, is a worse.  
Yet draw these Causers of the Kingdom's Woe,  
Still urging Dangers from our growing Foe,  
Asking new Aid for War with the same Face,  
As if, when given, they meant not to make Peace.  
Mean while they cheat the Publick with such haste,  
They will have nothing, that may ease it, past.  
The Law 'gainst *Irish* Cattle they condemn,  
As shewing distrust o'th'King, that is, of them.  
Yet they must now swallow this bitter Pill,  
Or Money want, which was the greater ill.

And then the King to *Westminster* is brought,  
 Imperfectly to speak the Chanc'llors Thought ;  
 In which, as if no Age could parallel  
 A Prince and Council that had rul'd so well,  
 He tells the Parliament he cannot brook,  
 Whate'er in them like Jealousy doth look :  
 Adds, that no Grievances the Nation load,  
 While we're undone at home, despis'd abroad.\*  
 Thus past the *Irish* with the Money-Bill,  
 The first not half so good, as th' other ill.  
 With these new Millions might we not expect  
 Our Foes to vanquish, or our selves protect ;  
 If not to beat them off usurped Seas,  
 At last to force an honourable Peace ?  
 But tho' the angry Fate, or Folly rather,  
 Of our perverted State allow us neither ;  
 Could we hope less, than to defend our Shores,  
 Or guard our Harbours, Forts, our Ships and Stores ?  
 We hop'd in vain : Of these remaining are,  
 Not what we sav'd, but what the Dutch did spare.  
 Such was our Rulers generous Stratagem ;  
 A Policy worthy of none but them.

After two Millions more-laid on the Nation,  
 The Parliament grows ripe for Prorogation :  
 They rise, and now a Treaty is confest,  
 'Gainst which before these State-cheats did protest.  
 A Treaty which too well makes it appear,

---

\* A very curious squib of the period, purporting to be a speech by Charles II. to his Parliament, is given as an Appendix to the present volume.

Theirs, not the Kingdom's Interest, is their care.  
Statesmen of old, *thought Arms the way to Peace* ;  
Ours scorn such thred-bare Policies as these :  
All, that was given for the *State's* Defence,  
They think too little for their own Expence :  
Or if from that they any thing can spare,  
It is to buy Peace, not maintain a War.  
For which great work Embassadors must go  
With bare Submissions to our arming Foe.  
Thus leaving a defenceless *State* behind,  
Vast Fleets preparing by the *Belgians* find ;  
Against whose Fury what can us defend ?  
Whilst our great Politicians here depend  
Upon the *Dutch* good Nature : *For when Peace*  
(Say they) *is making, Acts of War must cease.*  
Thus were we by the Name of *Truce* betray'd,  
Tho' by the *Dutch* nothing like it was made.

Here, Painter, let thine Art describe a Story,  
Shaming our Warlike Island's ancient Glory ;  
A Scene which never on our Seas appear'd,  
Since our first Ships were on the Ocean steer'd.  
Make the *Dutch* Fleet while we supinely sleep,  
Without Opposers, Masters of the Deep :  
Make them securely the *Thames*-mouth invade,  
At once depriving us of that and Trade :  
Draw Thunder from their floating Castles, sent  
Against our Forts weak, as our Government :  
Draw *Wollidge*,\* *Deptford*, *London*, and the *Tower*,

---

\* Woolwich.

Meanly abandon'd to a Foreign Power.  
Yet turn their first Attempt another way,  
And let their Cannons upon *Sheerness* play ;  
Which soon destroy'd, their lofty Vessels ride  
Big with the hope of the approaching Tide.  
Make them more help from our Remissness  
find,  
Than from the Tide, or from the *Eastern* Wind.  
Their Canvas swelling with a prosp'rous Gale,  
Swift as our Fears make them to *Chatham* sail :  
Thro' our weak Chain their Fireships break their  
way,  
And our great Ships (unmann'd) become their Prey.  
Then draw the fruit of our ill-manag'd Coast,  
At once our Honour, and our Safety lost :  
Bury those Bulwarks of our Isle in Smoak,  
While their thick Flames the neighb'ring Country  
choak :  
The *Charles* escapes the raging Element,  
To be with Triumph into *Holland* sent ;  
Where the glad People to the Shore resort,  
They see their Terror now become their Sport.  
But Painter, fill not up thy piece before  
Thou paint'st Confusion on our troubled Shore :  
Instruct then thy bold Pencil to relate  
The saddest Marks of an ill-govern'd State.  
Draw th' injur'd Seamen deaf to all Command,  
While some with Horror and Amazement stand :  
Others will know no Enemy but they  
Who have unjustly robb'd them of their Pay ;

Boldly refusing to oppose a Fire,  
To kindle which, our Errors did conspire.  
Some (tho' but few) persuaded to obey,  
Useless for want of Ammunition stay :  
The Forts design'd to guard our Ships of War,  
Void both of Powder and of Bullets are :  
And what past Reigns in peace did ne'er omit,  
The present (whilst invaded) doth forget.

Surpassing *Chatham*, make *Whitehall* appear,  
If not in danger, yet at least in fear.  
Make our Dejection (if thou canst) seem more,  
Than our Pride, Sloth, and Ign'rance did before :  
The King of Danger now shews far more fear,  
Than he ever did to prevent it, care ;  
Yet to the City doth himself convey,  
Bravely to shew he was not run away ;  
Whilst the *Black Prince*, and our *Fifth Harry's*  
Wars,  
Are only acted on our Theatres.

Our Statesmen finding no expedient  
(In fear of danger) but a Parliament,  
Twice would avoid, by clapping up a Peace ;  
The Cure's to them as bad as the Disease.  
But Painter, end not, till it does appear  
Which most, the *Dutch* or Parliament, they fear.

As *Nero* once, with Harp in hand, surveyed  
His flaming *Rome* ; and as that burnt, he plaid :  
So our great Prince, when the *Dutch Fleet*  
arriv'd,  
Saw his Ships burn ; and as they burnt, he —

## FRESH DIRECTIONS TO A PAINTER.

*S*andwich\* in *Spain* now, and the Duke in Love;  
 Let's with new Generals, a new Painter prove.  
*Lilly's*† a *Dutchman*, danger's in his Art,  
 His Pencils may Intelligence impart.  
 Thou *Gibson*,§ that among thy Navy small  
 Of Muscle-shells, commandest Admiral ;  
 Thy self so slender, that thou shew'st no more  
 Than Barnacle new hatch'd of them before :  
 Come mix thy Water-Colours, and express  
 Drawing in little which we yet do less.  
 First, paint me *George*‡ and *Rupert* ratling far  
 Both in one Box, like the two Dice of War ;  
 And let the Terror of their linked Name  
 Fly thro' the Air, like Chain-shot, tearing  
 Fame.

*Jove* in one Cloud did scarcely ever wrap  
 Lightning so fierce, but never such a Clap.  
 United Generals sure are th' only Spell  
 Wherewith *United Provinces* to quell.  
 Alas, e'en they, tho' shelled in treble Oak,  
 Will prove an addle Egg, with double Yolk.

\* Sandwich was appointed to the command of the fleet sent to Tangier.

† Sir Peter Lely ; who, however, was a Westphalian, not a Dutchman.

§ Richard Gibson, the celebrated painter ; a dwarf 3 ft. 10 in. high.

‡ General George Monck.

And therefore next uncouple either Hound,  
And loo them at two Hares e'er one be found.  
*Rupert* and *Beaufort*, halloo ; ah, there *Rupert*  
Like the Phantastick hunting of St. *Hubert* ;  
When he with airy Hounds, and Horn of Air,  
Pursues by *Fountainbleau* the witchy Hare.  
Deep providence of State ! that could so soon  
Fight *Beaufort* here e'er he had quit *Thouloou*.  
So have I seen, e'er Human Quarrels rise,  
Forboding Meteors combat in the Skies.  
But let the Prince to fight with Rumour go,  
The General meets a more substantial Foe :  
*Ruyter* he spies, and full of youthful Heat,  
Tho' half their number, thinks the odds too great  
The Fowler watching so his watry spot,  
And more the Fowl, hopes for the better Shot.  
Tho' such a Limb was from his Navy torn,  
He found no weakness yet, like *Sampson* shorn ;  
But swoln with Sense of former Glory won,  
Thought *Monk* must be by *Albemar!* out-done :  
Little he knew with the same Arm and Sword,  
How far the Gentleman out cuts the Lord.  
*Ruyter*, inferior unto none for Art,  
Superior now in Number and in Heart ;  
Ask'd if he thought, as once our Rebel Nation,  
To conquer theirs too with a Declaration ?  
And threatens, tho' he now so proudly Sail,  
He shall tread back his *Iter Boreale* :  
This said, he the short period, e'er it ends,  
With Iron-words from Brazen-mouth extends :



*Monk* yet prevents him e'er the Natives meet,  
And charges in himself alone a Fleet ;  
And with so quick and frequent Motion wound  
His murdering sides about, the Ship seem'd round;  
And the Exchanges of his Circling Tire,  
Like whirling Hoops, shew'd of triumphant Fire.  
Single he doth at their whole Navy aim,  
And shoots them though a Porcupine of Flame.  
In Noise so regular his Cannons met,  
You'd think that Thunder was to musick set :  
Ah ! had the rest but kept a Time as true,  
What Age could such a Martial Consort shew !  
The listning Air unto the distant Shore,  
Through secret Pipes convey the tuned Roar :  
Till as the Eccho's vanishing abate,  
Men feel a dead Sound like the Pulse of State.  
If Fate expire, let *Monk* her place supply,  
His Guns determine who shall live or die.  
But *Victory* doth always hate a Rant ;  
*Valour's* her *Brave*, but *Skill* is her *Gallant*.  
*Ruyter* no less with virtuous Envy burns,  
And Prodigies for Miracles returns.  
Yet he observed how still his Iron-Balls  
Recoil'd in vain against our Oaken Walls ;  
How the hard Pellets fall away as dead,  
By our enchanted Timber fillipped.  
"Leave then," said he, "the invulnerable Keel,  
We'll find they're feeble, like *Achilles* Heel."  
He quickly taught, pours in continual Clouds  
Of chain'd Dilemma's throughoursinew'd Shrowds.

Forests of Masts fall with their rude embrace,  
 Our stiff Sails masht, and netted into Lace ;  
 Till our whole Navy lay their wanton Mark,  
 Nor any Ship could sail but as the Ark,  
     Shot in the Wing, so at the Powder's call,  
     The disappointed Bird doth fluttering fall.  
 Yet *Monk* disabl'd still such Courage shews,  
 That none into his mortal Gripe dare close :  
     So an old Bustard, maim'd, yet loth to yield,  
     Duels the Fowler in *New-Market* Field.  
 But since he found it was in vain to Fight,  
 He imps his Plumes the best he can for Flight :  
 This, Painter, were a noble Task to tell,  
 What indignation his great Breast did swell.

*Nor virtuous Man unworthily abus'd,  
 Not constant Lover without cause refus'd,  
 Not honest Merchant broke, nor skilful Player  
 Hist off the Stage, nor Sinner in despair ;  
 Not Parents mockt, nor Favourites disgrac'd,  
 Not Rump by Monk, or Oliver displac'd ;  
 Not Kings depos'd, nor Prelates e'er they die,  
 Feel half the Rage as Gen'als when they fly.*

Ah, rather than transmit the Tale to Fame,  
 Draw Curtains, gentle Artist, o'er the shame.  
 Cashier the Memory of *Dutell*, rais'd up  
 To taste instead of Death, his Highness Cup ;  
 And if the thing were true, yet paint it not,  
 How *Bartlet*, as he long deserved, was shot.

Tho' others, that survey'd the Corps so clear,  
Said he was only petrifi'd with fear.  
If so, th' hard Statue mummi'd without Gum,  
Might the *Dutch* Balm have spar'd, and *English*  
Tomb.

Yet if thou wilt paint *MINNS* turn'd all to Soul,  
And the great *HARMAN* almost chark'd to Coal;  
And *JORDAN* old worthy thy Pencil's pain,  
Who all the while held up the Ducal Train :  
But in a duskie Cloud hide *Askew*, when  
He quit the Prince t'embark in *Lovestein* ;  
And wounded Ships, which we immortal Boast,  
Now first led Captive to an Hostile Coast.  
But most with story of his Hand and Thumb,  
Conceal (as Honour would) his Grace's —,  
When the large Bullet a large Collop tore  
Out of that Buttock, never turned before.  
Fortune (it seems) would give him by that lash,  
Gentle Correction for his Fight so rash.  
But should the Rump perceiv't, they'd say that  
*Mars*

Had now reveng'd them upon *Aumarle's* —.  
The long Disaster better o'er to vail,  
Paint only *Jonas* three days in the Whale :  
For no less time did conqu'ring *Ruyter* chaw  
Our flying Gen'ral in his Spungy Jaw,  
Then draw the youthful *Perseus* all in haste,  
From a Sea-Beast to free the Virgin chast ;  
But neither riding *Pegasus* for speed,  
Nor with the *Gorgon* shielding at his need ;



So *Rupert* the Sea-Dragon did invade,  
But to save *George*, himself, and not the Maid.  
And tho' arriving late, he quickly mist  
Ev'n Sails to fly, unable to resist.  
Not *Greenland* Seamen that survive the fright  
Of the cold Chaos, and half Eternal Night,  
So gladly the returning Sun adore,  
Or run to spy the next Year's Fleet from Shore,  
Hoping yet once within the Oily side  
Of the fat Whale, again their Spears to hide,  
As our glad Fleet with universal Shout  
Salute the Prince, and wish the second bout.  
Nor Winds, long Prisoners in Earth's Hollow  
Vault,  
The fallow Seas so eagerly assault,  
As fiery *Rupert*, with revengeful Joy,  
Doth on the *Dutch* his hungry Courage cloy ;  
But soon unrigg'd, lay like an useless Board ;  
(As wounded in the Wrist men drop their Sword)  
When a propitious Cloud between us stept,  
And in our Aid did *Ruyter* intercept.  
Old *Homer* yet did never introduce,  
To save his *Heroes*, Mists of better use.  
Worship the Sun, who dwell where he doth rise ;  
This Mist doth more deserve our Sacrifice.  
Now joyful Fiers, and the exalted Bell,  
And Court-Gazettes our empty Triumphs tell.  
Alas, the time draws near, when overturn'd,  
Thy lying Bells shall thro' their Tongues be burn'd.  
Paper shall want to print that Lie of State,

And our *false Fires true Fires* shall expiate.

Stay, Painter, here awhile, and I will stay ;  
Nor vex the future Times with my survey.  
Seest not the *Monky Dutchess* all undrest ?  
Paint thou but her, and she'll paint all the rest.  
This sad Tale found her in her outward Room,  
Nailing up Hangings, not of *Persian Loom* :  
Like chaste *Penelope* that ne'er did rome,  
But made all fine against her *GEORGE* came home.  
Upon a Ladder, in her Coats much shorter,  
She stood with Groom and Coachman for Sup-  
porter ;  
And careless what they saw, or what they thought,  
With *Honi Pense* full honestly she wrought.  
One Tenter drove, to lose no time or place,  
At once the Ladder they remove, and Grace.  
Whilst thus they her translate from *North* to *East*,  
In posture just of a four-footed Beast,  
She heard the News : but alter'd yet no more  
Than that which was behind she turn'd before ;  
Nor would come down, but with an Handkercher,  
Which Pocket foul did to her Neck prefer ;  
She shed no Tears, for she was too Viraginous,  
But only snuffing her Trunk Cartilaginous,  
From Scaling Ladder she began a Story,  
Worthy to be had in *Memento Mori* ;  
Arraigning past, and present, and *futuri*,  
With a prophetick, if not fiendly Fury.  
Her Hair began to creep, her Belly sound,  
Her Eyes to sparkle, and her Udder bound ;

Half *Witch*, half *Prophet* ; thus the *Albemarle*,  
Like *Presbyterian* Sibyl, 'gan to snarl :

*Traytors* both to my Lord, and to the King !

Nay, now it is beyond all suffering !

One Valiant Man by Land, and he must be  
Commanded out to stop their Leaks at Sea.

Yet send him *Rupert*, as an helper meet ;

First the Commands dividing, then the Fleet :

One may if they be beat, or both be hit ;

Or if they overcome, yet Honour split.

But reck'ning *GEORGE* already knockt o'th' head,

They cut him out like Beef e'er he be dead :

Each for a Quarter hopes ; the first do skip,

But shall fall short tho' at the Gen'ral-ship.

Next they for *Master of the Horse* agree ;

A third the *Cock-pit* begs, not any Me.

But they shall know, ay marry shall they do,

That who the *Cock-pit* hath, shall have Me too.

I told *George* first, as *Calamy* told me,

If the King brought these o'er, how it would be :

Men that there pick his Pocket to his Face,

And sell Intelligence to buy a Place.

That their Religion's pawn'd for Cloaths, nor care,

'Tis run so long now, to redeem't, nor dare.

O what egregious Loyalty to cheat !

O what Fidelity it was to eat !

Whilst *Langdales*, *Hoptons*, *Glenhams* \* starv'd  
abroad,

And here true Roy'lists sink beneath their load.

---

\* Noted loyalists.

Men that did there affront, defame, betray  
 The King, and so do here ; now, who but they !  
 What ! say I Men ! nay rather Monsters ; Men  
 Only in Bed, nor to my Knowledge then.  
 See how they home return'd in revel rout,  
 With the small Manners that they first went out :  
 Not better grown, nor wiser all the while.  
 Renew the Causes of their first Exile :  
 As if, to shew the Fool what 'tis I mean,  
 I chose a foul Smock, when I might have clean.

First, they for fear disband the Army tame,  
 And leave good *George* a Gen'ral's empty Name.  
 Then Bishops must revive, and all unfix  
 With Discontents, to content Twenty six :  
 The Lords House drains the Houses of the Lord,  
 For Bishops Voices silencing the Word,  
 O *Barthol'mew* ! Saint of their Kalendar !  
 What's worse, th' *Ejection* or the *Massacre* ?  
 Then *Culpeper*, *Glouster*, and the *Princess* dy'd ;  
 Nothing can live that interrupts an *Hyde*.  
 O more than human *GLOSTER* ! Fate did shew  
 Thee but to Earth, and back again withdrew.  
 Then the fat Scrivener doth begin to think  
 'Twas time to mix the Royal Blood with Ink.  
*Berkly* that swore as oft as he had Toes,  
 Doth kneeling now her Chastity depose ;  
 Just as the first *French Card'nal* could restore  
 Maidenhead to his Widow, Niece and Whore.  
 For portion, if she could prove light when weigh'd,  
 Four *Millions* shall within three years be paid :

To raise it, we must have a *Naval War*,  
 As if 'twere nothing but *Tara-Tan Tar!*  
 Abroad all Princes disobliging first,  
 At home all Parties but the very worst.  
 To tell of *Ireland, Scotland, Dunkirk's* sad ;  
 Or the King's Marriage : But he thinks I'm mad.  
 And sweeter Creatures never saw the Sun,  
 If we the King wish *Monk*, or th' Queen a *Nun*.  
 But a *Dutch War* shall all these Rumours still,  
 Bleed out these Humours, and our Purses fill ;  
 Yet after four days Fight, they clearly saw  
 'Twas too much danger for a Son-in-Law ;  
 Hire him to leave, for *Sixscore thousand Pound* ;  
*So with the King's Drums Men for Sleep compound.*  
 But modest *Sandwich* thought it might agree  
 With the State-prudence, to do less than he ;  
 And to excuse their timorousness and sloth,  
 They found how *George* might now do less than both.

First *Smith* must for *Leghorn*, with force enough  
 To venture back again, but not go through.  
*Beaufort* is there, and to their dazling Eyes  
 The distance more the Object magnifies ;  
 Yet this they gain, that *Smith* his time should lose,  
 And for my Duke too cannot interpose.  
 But fearing that our Navy, *George* to break,  
 Might yet not be sufficiently weak ;  
 The Secretary, that had never yet  
 Intelligence, but from his own Gazette,  
 Discovers a great Secret, fit to sell,  
 And pays himself for't, e'er he would it tell ;



*Beaufort* is in the Channel ; Hixy here !  
 Doxy *Thouloon* ! *Beaufort* is ev'ry where.  
 Herewith assembling the Supreme Divan,  
 Where enters none but Devil, *NED* and *NAN*.  
 And upon this pretence they straight design'd  
 The Fleet to sep'rate, and the World to blind.  
*Monk* to the *Dutch*, and *Rupert* (here the Wench  
 Could not but smile) is destin'd to the *French*.  
 To write the Order, *Bristol's* Clerk is chose ;  
 One slit in's Pen, the other in his Nose.  
 For he first brought the News, it is his place ;  
 He'll see the Fleet divided like his Face ;  
 And through the cranny in his grisly part,  
 To the *Dutch* Chink Intelligence impart.  
 The Plot succeeds ; the *Dutch* in haste prepar'd,  
 And poor Peel-Garlick *George's* A—— thay shar'd ;  
 And then presuming of his certain Wrack,  
 To help him late. they send for *Rupert* back.  
 Officious *Will* seem'd fittest, as afraid,  
 Lest *George* should look too far into his Trade.  
 At the first Draught they pause, with Statesmens care,  
 They write it foul, then copy is as fair :  
 And then compare them, when at last it's sign'd,  
*Will* soon his Purse-strings, but no Soul could find.  
 At Night he sends it by the Common Post,  
 To save the King of an Express the cost.  
 Lord, what ado to pack one Letter hence !  
 Some Patents pass with less circumference.

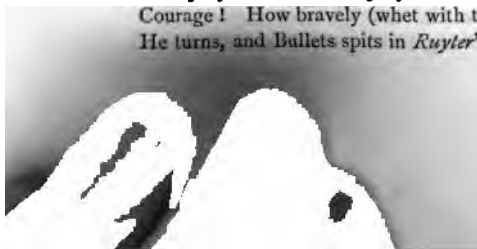
Well *George*, in spite of them thou safedost ride,  
 Lessen'd I hope in nought but thy backside ;

For as to Reputation, this Retreat  
Of thine exceeds the Victories so great.  
Nor shalt thou stir from hence, by my consent,  
Till thou hast made the *Dutch* and *Them* repent.  
'Tis true, I want so long the Nuptial Gift,  
But as I oft have done, I'll make a shift.  
Nor will I with vain Pomp accost the Shore,  
To try thy Valour at *the Buoy o' th' Nore*.  
Fall to thy Work there *George*, as I do here ;  
Cherish the Valiant up, Cowards cashire ;  
See that the Men have Pay, and Beef, and Beer,  
Find out the Cheats of the four Millioneer.  
Out of the very Beer, they sell the Malt ;  
Powder of Powder, from powder'd Beef they Salt.  
Put thy Hand to the Tub, instead of Ox,  
They victual with *French Pork* that hath the Pox.  
*Nè'er such ill Cotqueans by small Arts do wring,*  
*Nè'er such ill Huswives in the managing!*  
*Pursers at Sea know fewer Cheats than they,*  
*Marriners on Shore less madly spend their Pay.*  
See that thou hast new Sails thy self, and spoil  
All their Sea-market, and their *Cable coyl*.  
Look that good *Chaplains* on each Ship do wait,  
Nor the Sea-Diocese be improprieate.  
Look to the sick and wounded Pris'ners ; all  
Is Prize ; they rob even the *Hospital*.  
*Recover back the Prizes too ;* in vain  
We fight, if all be *taken* that is *ta'en*.  
Now by our Coast the *Dutchman*, like a *Flight*  
Of feeding *Ducks*, Ev'ning and Morning light :

How our *Land-Hectors* tremble, void of Sense,  
 As if they came straight to transport them hence.  
 Some Sheep are stoll'n ; the Kingdom's all array'd,  
 And ev'n *Presbyters* now call'd on for aid.  
 They wish ev'n *George* divided to command,  
 One half of him at Sea, and one on Land.

What's that I see ! ah, 'tis my *George* agen !  
 It seems they in sev'n Weeks have rigg'd him then,  
 The curious Heav'ns with Lightning him surrounds,  
 To view him and his Name in *Thunder* sounds.  
 But with the same shift goes, their Navy's near :  
 So, e'er we hunt, the Keeper shoots the Deer.  
 Stay Heaven a while, and thou shalt see him Sail,  
 And *George* too, he can Thunder, Lighten, Hail.  
 Happy the time that I e'er wedded *George*,  
 The Sword of *England* and the *Holland* Scourge.  
 Avant *Rotterdam* Dog, *Ruyter* avant,  
 Thou Water-Rat, thou Shark, thou Cormorant :  
 I'll teach thee to shoot Scissors : I'll repair  
 Each Rope thou lovest *George*, out of this Hair.  
 'Tis strong and coarse enough ; I'll hem this shift,  
 E're thou shalt lack a Sail, and lie a-drift.  
 Bring home the old ones, *I again will sew*,  
*And darn them up*, to be as good as new.

What, twice disabled ! never such a thing !  
 Now *Sovereign* help him that brought in the *King*.  
 Guard thy Posteriors, *George*, e'er all be gone,  
 Tho' Jury-Masts, thou'st Jury-Buttocks none.  
 Courage ! How bravely (whet with this disgrace)  
 He turns, and Bullets spits in *Ruyter's* Face.



They fly, they fly, their Fleet doth now divide,  
But they discard their *Trump*; our *Trump* is *Hyde*.  
Where are you now, *de Ruyter*, with your Bears?  
See where your Merchants burn about your Ears.  
Fire out the Wasps, *George*, from the hollow Trees,  
Cram'd with the Honey of our *English* Bees.  
Ah now they are paid for *Guinea*: e'er they steer  
To the Gold Coast, they find it hotter here.  
Turn all your Ships to Stoves e'er you set forth,  
To warm your Traffic in the frozen North.  
Ah, *Sandwich*! had thy Conduct been the same,  
*Bergen* had seen a less but richer Flame;  
Nor *Ruyter* liv'd new Battels to repeat,  
And oftner beaten be, than we can beat.  
Scarce had *George* leisure after all his pain,  
To tie his Breeches; *Ruyter's* out again.  
Thrice in one Year! Why sure this Man is wood:  
Beat him like Stock-fish, or he'll ne'er be good.  
I see them both again prepare to try;  
The first shot through each other with the Eye.  
Then — but the ruling Providence that must  
With Human Projects play, as Wind with Dust,  
Raises a Storm. So Constables a Fray  
Knock down, and send them both well cuff'd  
away.

Plant now *New England* Firs in *English* Oak,  
Build your Ships Ribs proof to the Cannon-stroke:  
To get the Fleet to Sea, exhaust the Land;  
Let Longing Princes pine for the Command:  
Strong March-Panes! Wafers lights! so thin a puff

Of angry Air can ruin all that Huff :

So Champions have shar'd the Lists and Sun,  
The Judge throws down's Award, and they have  
done.

For shame come home *George*, 'tis for *thee* too much.

To Fight at once *with Heaven and the Dutch*.

Woe's me ! what see I next, alas ! the Fate

I see of *England*, and its utmost Date.

Those Flames of theirs at *which* we fondly smile,

Kindle like *Torches* our *Sepulchral Pile*.

War, Fire, and Plague against us all conspire ;

We *the War*, God *the Plague*, who rais'd *the Fire* ?

See *how* Men all like *Ghosts*, while *London* burns,

Wander, and *each* over his Ashes mourns !

Curs'd be *the Man that first begat this War*,

In an ill *Hour*, under a blazing Star.

For *Others* sport, two Nations fight a Prize ;

Between them both, Religion wounded dies.

*So of first Troy, the angry Gods unpaid,*

*Raz'd the Foundations which they themselves had  
laid.*

Welcome, tho' late, dear *George* : here hadst  
thou bin,

We'd scap'd : (let *Rupert* bring the Navy in.)

Thou still must help them out when in the mire ;

Gen'ral at Land, at Plague, at Sea, at Fire.

Now thou art gone, see *Beaufort* dares approach,

And our Fleet angling, as to catch a *Roach*.

*Gibson* farewell, till next we put to Sea :

Truth is, thou'st drawn her in Effigie.

## APPENDIX.



HIS M——Y'S MOST GRACIOUS SPEECH TO BOTH  
HOUSES OF P——T.

*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

I Told you at our last Meeting the Winter was the fittest time for Business, and truly I thought so, till my Lord Treasurer assur'd me the Spring was the best Season for Sallads and Subsidies : I hope therefore that *April* will not prove so unnatural a Month as not to afford some kind Showers on my Parch'd Exchequer, which gapes for want of them. Some of you perhaps will think it dangerous to make me too Rich ; but I do not fear it, for I promise you faithfully whatever you give me I will always want ; and altho' in other things my Word may be thought a slender Authority, yet in that you may rely upon me, I will never break it.

My Lords and Gentlemen, I can bear my Straits with Patience ; but my Lord Treasurer does protest to me, that the Revenue, as it now stands, will not serve him and me too ; one of us must Pinch for it if you do not help me. I must speak freely to you, I am under Circumstances, for, besides my Harlots in Service, my Reformado Concubines lye heavy upon me. I have a passable good Estate, I confess, but (Guds-fish) I have a great Charge upon't. Here's my Lord Treasurer

can tell, that all the Money design'd for next Summer's Guards must of Necessity be apply'd to the next Year's Cradles and Swaddling-Cloaths. What shall we do for Ships then? I hint this only to you, it being your Business, not mine. I know by Experience I can live without Ships; I liv'd Ten Years abroad without, and never had my Health better in my Life: But how you will be without I leave to your selves to judge, and therefore hint this only by the by; I don't insist upon it. There's another thing I must press more earnestly, and that is this. It seems a good Part of my Revenue will expire in Two or Three Years, except you will be pleas'd to continue it. I have to say for't, Pray why did you give me so much as you have done, unless you resolve to give on as fast as I call for it? The Nation hates you already for giving so much, and I will hate you too if you do not give me more; so that if you stick not to me, you must not have a Friend in *England*. On the other Hand, If you will give me the Revenue I desire, I shall be able to do those things for your Religion and Liberty that I have had long in my Thoughts, but cannot effect them without a little more Money to carry me through: Therefore look to't, and take Notice, that if you do not make me rich enough to undo you, it shall lye at your Doors; for my Part I wash my Hands on't. But that I may gain your good Opinion, the best Way is to acquaint you what I have done to deserve it out of my Royal Care for your Religion and your Property. For the first, my Proclamation is a

true Picture of my Mind : He that cannot, as in a Glass, see my Zeal for the Church of *England*, does not deserve any farther Satisfaction, for I declare him wilful, abominable, and not good. Some may perhaps be startled, and cry,—How comes this sudden Change? To which I answer, I am a Changeling, and that's sufficient, I think. But to convince Men farther that I mean what I say, there are these Arguments.

*First*, I tell you so, and you know I never break my Word.

*Secondly*, My Lord Treasurer says so, and he never told Lie in his Life.

*Thirdly*, My Lord *Laud*—*le* will undertake it for me, and I should be loth by any Act of mine he should forfeit the Credit he has with you. If you desire more Instances of my Zeal I have'em for you. For Example, I have converted my Natural Sons from Popery ; and I may say without Vanity, it was my own Work, so much the more peculiarly mine than the Begetting them. 'Twould do one's Heart good to hear how prettily *George* can read already in the *Psalter*. They are all fine Children, God bless 'em, and so like me in their Understandings.—But, as I was saying, I have, to please you, given a Pension to your Favourite, my Lord *Lau*—*le* ; not so much that I thought he wanted it, as that you would take it kindly. I have made *Carwell* Dutchess of *Portsmouth*, and Marry'd her Sister to the *Earl of P*—*ke*. I have at my Brother's Request sent my Lord *Inchequin* into *Barbary*, to settle the Protestant Religion among



the *Moors*, and an *English* Interest at *Tangier*. I haave made *C——w* Bishop of *Durham*, and at the First Word of my Lady *Portsmouth*, *Prideaux* Bishop of *Chichester*. I know not for my Part what Faction Men would have ; but this I am sure of, my Predecessors never did any thing like this to gain the Good-will of their Subjects. So much for your Religion, and now for your Property.

My Behaviour to the Bankers is a Publick Instance, and the Proceedings between *Mrs. Hyde* and *Mrs. Sutton*, for Private ones, are such Convincing Evidences, that'twill be needless to say any more to't.

I must now acquaint you, that by my Lord Treasurer's Advice I have made a considerable Retrenchment upon my Expences in Candles and Charcoal, and do not intend to stop there, but will, with your Help, look into the late Embezelments of my Dripping-pans and Kitchin stuff: of which, by the Way, upon my Conscience, neither my Lord Treasurer, nor my Lord *Laud——le*, are guilty. I tell you my Opinion, but if you should find them dabbling in that Business, I tell you plainly I leave 'em to you, for I would have the World to know I am not a Man to be cheated.

My Lords and Gentlemen, I desire you to believe me as you have found me ; and I do solemnly promise you, that whatsoever you give me shall be specially manag'd with the same Conduct, Trust, Sincerity, and Prudence, that I have ever practised since my Happy Restoration.

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SOME  
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OF THE  
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AND  
ANDREW MARVEL.  
*WITH APPENDICES.*

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# A Satire by the Earl of Dorset.

*A FAITHFUL CATALOGUE OF OUR  
MOST EMINENT NINNIES.*

Written in the Year 1683.

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— Quos omnes  
Vicini oderunt, noti Pueri atque Puellæ.  
Hor. Sat. I.

---

CURS'D be those dull, unpointed, doggrel  
rhimes,

Whose harmless rage has lash'd our impious times.  
Rise thou, my muse, and with the sharpest thorn,  
Instead of peaceful bays, my brows adorn;  
Inspir'd with just disdain, and mortal hate,  
Who long have been my plague shall feel thy  
weight.

Is corn a giddy and unsafe applause :  
But this (ye Gods) is fighting in your cause.

Let Sodom speak, and let Gomorrah tell,  
 If their curs'd walls deserv'd the flames so well.  
 Go on, my muse, and with bold voice proclaim  
 The vicious lives, and long detested fame,  
 Of scoundrel lords, and their lewd wives amours,  
 Pimp-statesmen, canting-priests, court bawds and  
      whores;

Exalted vice its own vile name does sound,  
 Thro' climes remote, and distant shores renown'd.  
 Thy strumpets, Charles, have 'scap'd no nations  
      car,

Cleveland the van, and Portsmouth leads the rear;  
 A brace of cherubs, of as vile a breed,  
 As ever were produc'd of human seed.  
 To all but thee, the punks were ever kind,  
 Free as loose air, and gen'rous as the wind.  
 Both steer'd thy ———, and the nation's helm;  
 And both betray'd thy ———, and the realm.  
 O Barbara!\* thy execrable name  
 Is sure embalm'd with everlasting shame,  
 Could not the num'rous host thy lust suffice,  
 Which in lascivious shoals, ador'd thy eyes;  
 When their bright beams were through our orb  
      display'd,  
 And kings each morn their Persian homage paid?  
 O sacred James! may thy dead noddle be  
 As free from danger, as from wit 'tis free:

---

\* The duchess of Cleveland's christian name.

But if that good and gracious monarch's charms,  
Could ne'er confine one woman to his arms;  
What strange mysterious spell, what strong  
defence,

Can guard that front which has not half his sense?  
Poor Shrewsbury's fall, ev'n her own sex deplore,  
Who with so small temptation turn'd thy whore.  
But Grafton bravely does revenge her fate,  
And says, thou court'st her thirty years too late;  
She scorns such dwindles; her capacious ——  
Is fitter for thy sceptre than thy——.

Old Delamer, Shrewsbury, and Mordaunt, know,  
Why in that stately frame she lies so low;  
And who but her dull blockhead would have  
found

Her windows small descent on rising ground?  
Thro' the large sash they pass (like Joye of old)  
To her attendant bawd, in show'rs of gold.  
Mordaunt (that insolent, ill-natur'd bear)  
From the close grotto, when no danger's near,  
Mounts like a rampant stag, and ruts his dear.  
But when by dire mischance the harmless maid  
In the dark closet, with loud shrieks betray'd  
The naked lecher, what a woful grief.  
It was? th' adulteress flew to his relief,  
And sav'd his being murder'd for a thief.  
Defenceless limbs the well-arm'd host assail'd;  
Scarce her own pray'rs with her own slaves pre-  
vail'd:

Though well prepar'd for flight, he mourn'd his weight

And begg'd Actæon's change, to 'scape Actæon's fate;

But wing'd with fear, tho' untransform'd, he bounds,  
And, swift as hinds, out-strips the yelling hounds.

Beware adulterers, betimes beware,

You fall not in the same unhappy snare:

From Norfolk's ruin, and his narrow 'scape,

—— on contented with a willing rape,

On a strong chair, soft couch, or side of bed,

Which never does surprizing dangers dread.

Let no such harlots lead your steps astray,

Her —— will mount in open clay;

And from St. James's to the land of Thule,

There's not a whore who —— so like a mule.

And yet her blund'ring dolt deserves a worse,

Could man be plagu'd with a severer curse.

A fitter couple sure were never hatch'd;

Some marry'd are indeed, but these are match'd.

But seeing they are lawful man and wife,

Why should the fool and drazel live in strife,

While they both lead the same lascivious life?

Or why should he to Megg's or Circut's come,

When he may find as great a whore at home?

Mulgrave\* (who all his summons to big war,

Safely commits to his wise prince's care)

---

\* He carried the lord Peterborough's challenge to the king.

Lords it o'er all mankind, and is the first,  
By woman hated, and by man accurs'd.  
Well has his staff a double use supply'd,  
At once upheld his body and his pride.  
How haughtily he cries: "Page, fetch a whore;  
Damn her, she's ugly; rascal, fetch me more;  
Bring in that black-ey'd wench; woman, come  
near;  
Rot you, you draggled bitch, what is't you fear."  
Trembling she comes, and with as little flame,  
As he for the dear part from whence he came.  
Thine, crafty Seymour, was a good design;  
For sure his issue ne'er will injure thine:  
But thou thy self must needs confess, that she  
Does justly curse thy politics and thee.  
Her noble protestant has got a flail,  
Young, large, and fit to seague her briny tail;  
But now, poor wench, she lies as she would  
burst,  
Sometimes with brandy, and sometimes with  
lust.  
Tho' prince, as goats, she courts in vain her drone;  
The frigid he, and she the torrid zone.  
Both friend and foe he with vast ruin mauls,  
Who at first thrust before, both sexes falls.  
Had I, O! had I his transcendent verse,  
In his own lofty strains, I would rehearse  
That deep intrigue, when he the princess woe'd,  
But lov'd adult'ry more than royal blood.



Young Ossory, (who lov'd the haughty peer)  
Her mother's darling sins could best declare :  
But to her memory we must be just ;  
'Tis sacrilege to rob such beauteous dust:  
O Wharton, Wharton ! what a wretched tool,  
Is a dull wit, when made a woman's fool?  
Thy rammish spendthrift ———, 'tis well known,  
Her nauseous bait has made thee swallow down,  
Tho' mumbled, and spit out by half the town :  
How well my honest L——n she knows,  
The many mansions in thy fa—— house?  
How often prais'd thy dear curvetting ———,  
Which thou ridst curb'd, like an unruly horse ?  
How big with joy she went with thee to church,  
When thou (false varlet) left her in the lurch?  
Ev'n E——t, who refused none before,  
Scorn'd to pronounce the banns with such a whore.  
To Pancras Tom, there such as she resort ;  
(That mother-church\* too does all sinners court).  
As she has been thy strumpet all her life,  
'Tis time to make her now thy lawful wife,  
That B——y's spouse may pride it in her box,  
With face and ——— all martyr'd with the pox.  
In some deep saw-pit, both their noddles hide ;  
For 'tis hard guessing which has the best bride.

---

\* St. Pancras church is said to be the mother of St. Paul's.

Ah Tom ! thy brother like a prudent man,  
Has chosen much the better Haradan :  
She, a good-natur'd candid devil, shows  
Him all the bawding jilting tricks she knows.  
Thy Rook some trivial cheats her blockhead  
learns,

While he the master Hocus ne'er discerns.  
To pox and plague, O ! may she subject be,  
As she's from child-bed pain and peril free :  
Her actual sins invalidate the first,  
With ease she teems, and brings forth unaccurst.  
To thee, Lucina, she need never call,  
Like ripen'd fruit, her mellow bastards fall ;  
And what with needless labour I disclose,  
Her well-stretched ———, and rivel'd belly  
shows,

Whoever, like Charles D——g, scorns dis-  
grace,

Can never want, altho' he lose his place :  
That toothless murd'rer, to his just reproach,  
Pimps for his sister, to maintain a coach :  
And let what will the church and state befall,  
One fulsome crafty whore maintain'd 'em all.  
Scarsdale, tho' loath'd, still the fair sex adores,  
And has a regiment of horse and whores.  
Amidst the common rout of early duns,  
For mustard, soap, milk, small-coal, swords, and  
guns ;

Two rev'rend officers (more highly born)

Wait on his stinking levee ev'ry morn,  
 And in full pomp his palace-gates adorn.  
 But which is most in vogue, is hard to tell,  
 The public bawd, or private centinel;  
 That blubber'd oaf, for two dull dribbling bouts,  
 Maintains two bastards, made of Jenny's clouts.  
 E'er it could fetch, 'twas like pox'd Evelyn spoil'd,  
 Yet it can't touch a wench, but she's with child;  
 But who can think that pestilential breath  
 Should raise up life, that always blasts with  
 death?

'Tis strange Kilgore, that refin'd Beau Garçon  
 Was never yet at the Bell-Savage shown,  
 For he's a true and wonderful baboon.  
 It therefore wisely was at first design'd  
 He ne'er should like to propagate his kind;  
 But the dull vemon'd drought in vain employ'd  
 Like the false serpent's, was itself destroy'd.  
 With foul corruption sure he first was fed,  
 And by equiv'cal generation bred;  
 An honest solon goose, \* compar'd to him,  
 Is a fine creature, and of more esteem.  
 No learn'd philosophers need strive to know,  
 Whether his soul's ex traduce or no.  
 He has none yet, nor never will, I fear;  
 No soul of sense would ever enter there.

---

\* These fowls are only bred in some parts of Scotland.

I wonder he dares speak, for fear we jerk  
His lazy bones, and make the monkey work.  
If aged Delamer has left the trade,  
And had enough of costly masquerade,  
With flames renew'd, your old amours pursue,  
Now Rochester has nothing else to do.  
Well done, old Hyde, we all thy choice adore,  
She is the younger, and much better whore.  
But Hickes has sure, to his eternal curse,  
Left his own strumpet, and espous'd a worse.  
That blazing star still rises with the sun,  
And will, I hope, whene'er it sets, go down.  
St. Peter ne'er deny'd his lord but thrice;  
But good St. Edward scorns to be so nice:  
He ev'ry mass, abjures what he before,  
On test and sacraments so often swore.  
His mother-church will have a special son  
Of him, by whom his father was undone.  
He turn'd, because on bread alone, he'd dine,  
And make the wafer save his bread and wine.  
Mammon's the God he'll worship any way  
And keeps conviction ready to a day.  
Forbid it, heav'n, I e'er shall live to see  
Our pious monarch's gorgeous chapel be  
Fill'd with such miscreant proselytes as he,  
Miserere domine! ave Maria!  
Poor Father Dover has a ———  
Was e'er (dread James) so much affection shown?  
He'd save thy soul, but cares not for his own.

How Shrewsbury prays, that old adult'rous fap  
May find it a cormegan swinging c——p!  
Unhappy maid! who man has never known,  
And yet, with perilous pangs, brought forth a son!  
Our Chyro-Medico Didymus\* nothing smelt,  
'Till he the sprawling bantling heard and felt.  
And now it surely cannot be deny'd  
By him, who cur'd the king of what he dy'd,  
How Herbert boasts, that his wise kings-head  
crew

Foretold the dismal times we all should rue,  
Curs'd be the screech owls! that rebellious crowd  
Prefag'd, indeed, Rome's swift approach, as loud,  
As wife Caffandra's boding voice of old,  
The wretched fate of ancient Rome foretold.  
But why is he against the bringing in  
Any religion that indulges sin?  
He who his other charges can retrench,  
To save ten guineas for a handsome wench;  
Or be content to part with twenty pound,  
If Mrs. White insure her being found.  
That idiot thinks the tawdry harlots glad  
To serve him now for favours she has had.  
But who (dear Harvey) ever heard before  
Of gratitude in any common whore?  
She mounts the price, and goes half snack herself,  
And well knows how to cully such an elf.

---

\* Dr. King, a man midwife.

Poor Jenny I must needs much more applaud,  
A better whore, and truer friend and bawd.  
Like the French king he all his conquests buys,  
And pow'rful guineas still subdues their eyes.  
How his smug little black-ey'd harlot gaz'd  
On's hoarded gold, and fine apartments prais'd!  
But F—— (not trusting to the miser's truth)  
Like Joseph's sacks, with money in her mouth;  
Sometimes he'll venture for himself to trade,  
With aukward grace, at balls and masquerade.  
But what was the proud coxcomb e'er the near,  
Unless he got my lady Gerhard there?  
Her qualities to all the world are known,  
Fair as his kin, and honest as her own.  
She makes her brothel worse than common stews;  
And loves to —— in her own tribe, like Jews.  
Incest with nearest blood, adul'try, all  
Her darling sins, we may well deadly call.  
Whate'er in times of yore she may have been,  
Her lust has now parch'd up her rivel'd skin.  
Thou town of Edmonton, I charge, declare  
What she and Orkney did so often there.  
That scribbling fool,\* who writes to her in metre,  
And only speaks his songs to make 'em sweeter,  
Great Virgil's true reverse in sense and fate;  
For what another writ, procur'd his hate.  
To be but thought a wit, he lost his place;

---

\* Mr. Wolseley.

And yet to show he is not in that race,  
Will write himself and add to his disgrace.  
His Valentinian's learned preface shines,  
Like Memphis' siege or Bulloign's radiant lines.  
Among the muses all his time he spends,  
And his whole duty tow'ards Parnassus bends:  
Yet if for his, one handsom thought be shown,  
Stop the dull thief; I'll swear 'tis not his own.  
Satire's his joy; but if he don't improve,  
Give me his hatred, let her take his love.  
That sop she, Herbert, more than thee admires;  
He often quenches her lascivious fires.  
In vain poor Harvey, with ridic'lous joy,  
Shews her, and every fool, his hopeful boy.  
His city songstress, says, keeps such a pother,  
He'll ne'er be able to get her another.  
Join, then, propitious stars, their widow'd store,  
And make them happy, as they were before;  
That is, may the decay'd incestuous punk  
Swill like a spouse, and he, like her, die drunk.  
Why, Harding, has the good old queen the grace,  
To see thy bear-like mien, and baboon face?  
Her court (the gods be prais'd) has long been free  
From Irish priggs, and such dull lots as he.  
The wakeful gen'ral, conscious of thy charms,  
Dreads thine, as much as Monmouth's fierce  
alarms.  
Yet sure there is a greater ditch between  
A greasy whiggish dolt, and Charles's queen.

There is, and Harding soars not yet so high,  
His ogling pigsnies doat on Lady Di.\*  
That gudgeon on soft baits will only bite,  
For easy conquests are his sole delight.  
And none can say, but that his judgment's good,  
For all our kings are made of flesh and blood.  
Vernon, the glory of that lustful tribe,  
Scorns to be meanly purchas'd with a bribe:  
To fame and honour hates to be a slave,  
But freely gives what nature freely gave.  
Like heirs to crowns, with sure credentials born,  
Her hasty bastards private entries scorn;  
In midst of courts, and in the midst of day,  
With little peril force their easy way.  
But Woodford is, methinks, a better seat,  
And for distended ——— a safe retreat.  
'Twas well advis'd old Kirk no dangers fear'd;  
No groans, nor yelling cries, can there be heard:  
In this lewd town, and these censorious times,  
Where ev'ry whore rails at each other's crimes.  
Fair Theodofia! thy romantic name  
Had sure been blasted with eternal shame:  
But thy wise stratagems so well were laid,  
I d almost swear thou art a very maid.  
Go on, and scorn our common ——— rules;  
Let Wincup made th' incestuous uncles fools:

---

\* Lady Diana Howard.



While prudence pimps, and such a foe combines,  
 Impregnant more and more by seedy loins;  
 Thou still art safe, tho' thy large womb should  
     bear,

Like hers, who teem'd for ev'ry day o'th'year.  
 Proud Ormond justly thinks her Dutch-built shape  
 A little too unwieldy for a rape.

Yet being conscious it will tumble down,  
 At first assault, surrenders up the town.  
 But no kind conqueror has yet thought fit  
 To make it his belov'd imperial seat.

That batter'd fort, which they with ease deceive,  
 Pillag'd and sack'd, to the next foe they leave,  
 And haughty Di, in just revenge will try't,  
 (Altho' she starve) with any senseless wight;  
 Not that to any principle she's firm,  
 But is debauch'd by damn'd seducing ——  
 Shrewsbury well knew the banning hour, when  
     seven

The main throws out, or else a nick, eleven:  
 When her decrepit spend-thrift, troopless Rook,  
 Is meek as Moses hid in fire and smoak.  
 Our sacred writ does learnedly relate,  
 For one poor babe, two mothers hot debate:  
 But our two doughty heroes, I am told,  
 Which is the truest father fiercely scold.  
 Both claims seem just and great; but gen'rous  
     Hales,

Who on the right side always is, prevails.

He will not only save its life but soul.  
So poor Paul Kirk is fobb'd off for a fool.  
But 'tis all one; Sir Courtly Nice does swear,  
He'll go to Mrs. Grace of Exeter.  
But why to Ireland, Bennet? Is't the clime,  
Dost thou imagine, makes an easy time?  
Ungratefully indeed thou did'st requite  
The skilful goddess of the silent night,  
By whose kind help thou wast so oft before  
Deliver'd safely on thy native shore.  
Thy belly thin'd, and an unusual load  
Made thee believe Kirk's shoulders were too  
broad.

And thou'dst be sure we should not hear thee roar:  
And if poor Tussey Mussey should be tore,  
Wisely resolv'd, Ned should ne'er see it more:  
But since all's well, return, that we may laugh  
At Irish ———, which in all climes are safe.  
Justly false Monmouth did thy lord declare,  
Thou should'st not in his crown nor empire  
share.

Indeed (dear pimp) it was a just design,  
Seeing he had so small a share of thine.  
Brave Framingham, that thund'ring son of arms,  
With pow'rful magic conquer'd both your charms.  
Virtue, thy weak lieutenant, ran away,  
Just like that cursed miscreant, coward Gray;  
And as poor James from his new subjects did,  
At last from thy fair breast the gen'ral fled.

His Conversation, wit, and parts, and mien,  
Deserv'd, he thought at least a widow'd queen.  
Nor wert thou sorry, since most seeds are found  
To flourish better, when we change the ground.  
He struck in years, and spent in toils and war,  
Could please thee less than did strong Delamer :  
Ne'er was a truer stallion to his cost ;  
He, as he was most able, lov'd thee most.  
But politick Monmouth thought it too much  
    grace,  
For one t' enjoy too long so great a place.  
Chamberlain next succeeds the lovely train,  
And round his neck displays a captive's chain :  
He, greater fool, than any of the rest,  
They say, will marry with the trimming beast ;  
Which if he does, O ! may his blood be shed  
On that high throne where her last traytor bled.  
Mysterious Pow'rs ! what wond'rous influence  
Governs, that ruling star, poor mortal's sense ?  
What unknown motives our dread king persuades,  
To make lewd Ogle mother of the maids.  
The gracious prince had sure much wiser been,  
Had he made Sheppard tutress to the queen ;  
And then, perhaps, her chaste instructions wou'd  
Have sav'd a world of unbegotten blood.  
But pious James, with parts profound endu'd,  
Will none prefer, but whom he knows are lewd.  
A leash of strumpets, all of the court breed,  
Ladies of wond'rous honour are indeed.

Ye scoundrel nymphs, whom rags and scabs adorn,  
Than that small poultry whore more highly born;  
If you are wise, apply yourselves betimes:  
None highly merit now, but by their crimes,  
And the king does whate'er he's bid by Grimes.  
Which made the wiser choice, is now our strife,  
Hall has his mistress, and the prince his wife:  
Those traders\* sure will be belov'd as well,  
As all the dainty tender birds they sell.  
The learned advocate, (that rugged stump  
Of old Nol's honour) always lov'd the rump;  
And 'tis no miracle, since all the Hoyles  
Were giv'n, they say, to raise intestine broils:  
But seeing, to the upright juror's praise,  
We are return'd to Ignoramus days;  
The lawyer swears he greater hazard runs,  
Who ——— one daughter than a hundred sons.  
Prepost'rous fate! while poor miss Jenny bawds,  
Each foreign sop her mother's charms applauds.  
Autumnal whore! To ev'ry nation known!  
A curse to them, and scandal to her own.  
Forgive me, chaster Harding, if I name  
Her stinking toes with thine of sweeter fame.  
Thou wond'rous pocky art, and wond'rous poor;  
But as she's richer, she's a greater whore.  
What with her breath, her armpits, and her feet,  
Ten civet cats can hardly make her sweet.

---

\* Both poulterers.

24 A CATALOGUE OF EMINENT NINNIES.

From all the corners of the noisome town,  
The filth of ev'ry brute ran freely down  
To that insatiate strumpet's common-shore,  
'Till it broke out, and poison'd her all o'er.  
Poor Buckingham in unsuccessful verse,  
And terms too mild, did her lewd crimes rehearse.  
Bold is the man that ventures such a flight;  
Her life's a satire, which no pen can write:  
And therefore cursed may he ever be,  
As when old Hyde\* was catch'd with rem in re.  
Cætera desunt.

---

\* The earl of Mulgrave found her in the fact with  
lord Rochester.





# **POLITICAL SATIRES**

**BY**

**ANDREW MARVEL.**







# Political Satires by Andrew Marbel.



## NOSTRADAMUS'S PROPHECY.

FOR faults and follies London's Doom shall fix,  
And she must sink in Flames in Sixty-six ;  
Fire-Balls shall fly, but few shall see the Train,  
As far as from Whitehall to Pudding-Lane ;  
To burn the City which again shall rise,  
Beyond all hopes, aspiring to the Skies,  
Where Vengeance dwells. But there is one thing  
more  
(Tho' its Walls stand) shall bring the City low'r :  
When Legislators shall their Trust betray,  
Saving their own, shall give the rest away ;



And those false Men by th' easy People sent,  
 Give Taxes to the King by Parliament ;  
 When barefac'd Villains shall not blush to cheat,  
 And Chequer Doors shall shut up Lombard Street:  
 When Players come to Act the part of Queens,  
 Within the Curtains, and behind the Scenes :  
 When Sodomy shall be Prime Min'sters Sport,  
 And Whoring shall be the least Crime at Court :  
 When Boys shall take their Sisters for their  
 Mate,

And practise Incest between Seven and Eight :  
 When no Man knows in whom to put his trust,  
 And e'en to rob the Chequer shall be just :  
 When Declarations, Lies, and every Oath  
 Shall be in use at Court, but Faith and Troth.  
 When two good Kings shall be at Brentford  
 Town,

And when in London there shall be not one ;  
 When the Seat's given to a talking Fool,  
 Whom wise Men laugh at, and whom Women  
 rule ;

A Min'ster able only in his Tongue,  
 To make harsh empty Speeches two hours long :  
 When an old Scotch Covenanter shall be  
 The Champion for th' English Hierarchy :  
 When Bishops shall lay all Religion by,  
 And strive by Law t'establish Tyranny :  
 When a lean Treasurer shall in one Year  
 Make himself fat, his King and People bare :

When th' English Prince shall English men  
 despise,  
 And think French only Loyal, Irish Wise :  
 When Wooden Shoon shall be the English wear,  
 And Magna Charta shall no more appear ;  
 Then th' English shall a greater Tyrant know,  
 Than either Greek or Latin Story show ;  
 Their Wives to's Lust expos'd, their Wealth to's  
 spoil,  
 With Groans to fill his Treasury they toil ;  
 But like the Bellides, must sigh in vain ;  
 For that still fill'd, flows out as fast again :  
 Then they with envious Eyes shall Belgium see,  
 And wish in vain Venetian Liberty.  
 The Frogs too late grown weary of their Pain,  
 Shall pray to Jove to take him back again.

---

 BRITANNIA AND RALEIGH.
*Britannia.*

OH, Raliegh, when thou didst thy Breath resign  
 To trembling James, would I had quitted  
 mine,  
 Cubs didst thou call them ? Hadst thou seen this  
 Brood,  
 Of Earls, and Dukes, and Princes of the Blood ;  
 No more of Scottish Race thou wouldst complain,  
 These would be Blessings in this spurious Reign,  
 Awake, arise from thy long blest repose,  
 Once more with me partake of mortal Woes.

*Raleigh.*

What mighty Pow'r hath forc'd me from my rest ?  
Oh mighty Queen, why so untimely drest ?

*Britannia.*

Favour'd by Night, conceal'd in this Disguise,  
Whilst the Lewd Court in drunken slumber lies,  
I stole away ; and never will return,  
Till England knows who did her City burn :  
Till Cavaliers shall favourites be deem'd,  
And Loyal Sufferers by the Court esteem'd :  
Till Leigh and Galloway shall Bribes reject :  
Thus O——n's Golden Cheat I shall detect :  
Till Atheist Lauderdale shall leave this land,  
And Commons Votes shall Cut-Nose Guards dis-  
band :  
Till Kate a happy Mother shall become,  
Till Charles loves Parliaments, and James hates  
Rome.

*Raleigh.*

What fatal Crimes make you for ever fly  
Your once lov'd Court, and Martyr's progeny ?

*Britannia.*

A Colony of French possess the Court ;  
Pimps, Priests, Buffoons, in Privy-Chamber sport.  
Such slimy Monsters ne'er approacht the Throne  
Since Pharoah's Days, nor so defil'd a Crown.

In sacred Ear Tyrannick Arts they croak,  
 Pervert his Mind, and good Intention choak :  
 Tell him of Golden Indies, Fairy Lands,  
 Leviathan, and absolute Commands.  
 Thus Fairy-like the King they steal away,  
 And in his room a Changling Lewis lay.  
 How oft have I him to himself restor'd,  
 In's Left the Scale, in's Right-hand placed the  
 Sword ?

Taught him their use, what Dangers would  
 ensue

To them who strive to separate these two ?  
 The bloody Scottish Chronicle read o'er  
 Shew'd him how many Kings in purple Gore  
 Were hurl'd to Hell by cruel Tyrant Lore.

The other day fam'd Spencer I did bring,  
 In lofty Notes, Tudor's blest Race to sing ;  
 How Spain's proud Powers her Virgin Arms con-  
 trol'd,

And golden Days in peaceful Order rouled :  
 How like ripe Fruit she dropt from off her  
 Throne,

Full of grey Hairs, good Deeds, and great  
 Renown.

As the Jessean Hero did appease  
 Saul's stormy Rage, and stopt his black Dis-  
 ease ;

So the learn'd Bard, with artful Song suppress  
 The swelling Passion of his canker'd Breast :

And in his Heart kind Influences shed  
 Of Countrys Love, by Truth and Justice bred :  
 Then to perform the Cure so well begun,  
 To him I shew'd this glorious setting Sun,  
 How by her Peoples looks pursu'd from far,  
 So mounted on a bright Celestial Car  
 Out-shining Virgo, or the Julian Star.  
 Whilst in Truth's Mirrour this good Scene he  
     spy'd,

Enter'd a Dame bedeck'd with spotted Pride,  
 Fair Flower-de-Luce within an Azure Field,  
 Her left-hand Bears the ancient Gallick Shield,  
 By her usurp'd ; her Right a bloody Sword,  
 Inscrib'd Leviathan, our Sovereign Lord ;  
 Her tow'ry Front a fiery Meteor bears,  
 An Exhalation bred of Blood and Tears ;  
 Around her Jove's lewd rav'nous Curs complain,  
 Pale Death, Lusts, Tortures, fill her pompous

Train :

She from the easy King Truth's Mirrour took,  
 And on the ground in spiteful Fall it broke ;  
 Then frowning, thus, with Proud Disdain she  
     spoke :

“ Are thred-bare Virtues Ornaments for Kings ?  
 Such poor pedantick Toys teach Underlings !  
 Do Monarchs rise by Virtue or by Sword ?  
 Who e'er grew great by keeping of his Word ?  
 Virtue's a faint Green-sickness to brave Souls,  
 Dastards their Hearts, their active Heat controuls :

The Rival God, Monarchs of t'other World,  
 This mortal poyson among Princes hurl'd ;  
 Fearing the mighty Projects of the Great,  
 Shall drive them from their proud Celestial Seat,  
 If not o'er-awed : This new found holy Cheat.  
 Those pious Frauds too slight t'insnare the  
 Brave,

Are proper Arts the long-ear'd Rout t'inslave.  
 Bribe hungry Priests to deify your Might,  
 To teach your Will's your only Rule to Right,  
 And sound Damnation to all dare deny't.  
 Thus Heavens Designs 'gainst Heaven you shall  
 turn.

And make them feel those powers they once did  
 scorn.

When all the gobling interest of Mankind,  
 By Hirelings sold to you, shall be resign'd ;  
 And by Impostures God and Man betray'd,  
 The Church and State you safely may invade :  
 So boundless Lewis in full Glory shines,  
 Whilst your starv'd Power in Legal Fetters pines.  
 Shake off those Baby-bands from your strong  
 Arms,

Henceforth be deaf to that old Witches charms :  
 Taste the delicious Sweets of Sovereign Power,  
 'Tis Royal Game whole Kingdoms to deflower.  
 Three spotless Virgins to your Bed I'll bring,  
 A sacrifice to you their God and King :  
 As these grow stale, we'll harass Human kind,

Rack Nature, till new Pleasures you shall find,  
Strong as your Reign, and beauteous as your  
Mind."

When she had spoke a confus'd Murmur rose,  
Of French, Scotch, Irish, all my mortal Foes :  
Some English too, O Shame ? disguis'd I spy'd,  
Led all by the wise Son-in-Law of Hide :  
With Fury drunk, like Bachanals, they roar,  
Down with the common Magna Charta Whore.  
With Joynt Consent, on helpless me they flew,  
And from my Charles to a base Goal me drew,  
My reverend Age expos'd the Scorn and Shame,  
To Prigs, Bawds, Whores, was made the publick-  
Game.

Frequent Addresses to my Charles I send,  
And my sad State did to his Care commend :  
But his fair Soul transform'd by that French Dame,  
Had lost a Sense of Honour, Justice, Fame.  
Like a tame Spinster in's Seraigi' he sits,  
Besieg'd by Whores, Buffoons, and Bastard  
Chits;

Lull'd in security, rowling in Lust,  
Resigns his Crown to Angel Carwell's Trust.  
Her Creature O——n the Revenue steals,  
False F——h, Knave Ang——esy, misguide the  
Seals.

Mac-James the Irish Biggots does adore ;  
His French and Teague commands on Sea and  
Shore :

The Scotch Scalado of our Court two Isles,  
 False Lauderdale with Ordure all defiles.  
 Thus the States Night marr'd by this hellish Rout,  
 And no one left these Furies to cast out.  
 Ah! Vindex come, and purge the poison'd State;  
 Descend, descend, e'er the Cure's desperate.

*Raleigh.*

Once more Great Queen thy Darling strive to  
 save,  
 Snatch him again from Scandal and the Grave:  
 Present to's Thoughts his long scorn'd Parliament,  
 The Basis of his Throne and Government.  
 In his deaf Ears sound his dead Father's Name;  
 Perhaps that Spell may's erring Soul reclaim.  
 Who knows what good Effects from thence may  
 spring?  
 'Tis God-like good to save a falling King.

*Britannia.*

Rawleigh, no more; for long in vain I've try'd,  
 The Stewart from the Tyrant to divide;  
 As easily learned Vertuoso's may  
 With the Dog's Blood his gentle Kind convey  
 Into the Wolf, and make him Guardian turn  
 T' th' bleating Flock, by him so lately torn.  
 If this Imperial Juice once taint his Blood,  
 'Tis by no potent Antidote withstood.



Tyrants, like Lep'rous Kings, for public Weal  
 Should be immur'd, lest the Contagion steal  
 Over the Whole. Th' Elect of th' Jessean Line,  
 To this firm Law their Scepter did resign :  
 And shall this base Tyrannick Brood invade  
 Eternal Laws, by God for Mankind made ?

To the serene Venetian State I'll go,  
 From her sage Mouth fam'd Principles to  
 know :

With her the Prudence of the Ancients read,  
 To teach my People in their steps to tread,  
 By their great Pattern such a State I'll frame,  
 Shall Eternize a glorious lasting Name.

Till then, my Rawleigh, teach our noble Youth  
 To love Sobriety, and holy Truth.

Watch and preside over their tender Age,  
 Lest Court-Corruption should their Souls engage.  
 Teach them how Arts and Arms in thy young  
 Days

Employ'd our Youth, not Taverns, Stews, and  
 Plays.

Tell them the generous Scorn their rise does owe  
 To Flattery, Pimping, and a Gaudy Show.  
 Teach them to scorn the Carwells, Portsmouths,

Nells,  
 The Cleveland's, O——ns, Berties, Lauderdale's,  
 Poppea, Tegoline, and Arteria's Name,  
 Who yield to these in Lewdness, Lust and  
 Fame.

Make 'em admire the Talbots, Sidneys, Veres,  
Drake, Ca'ndish, Blake; Men void of slavish  
Fears,

True Sons of Glory, Pillars of the State,  
On whose fam'd Deeds all Tongues and Writers  
wait :

When with fierce ardour their bright Souls do  
burn,

Back to my dearest Country I'll return.

Tarquin's just Judge and Cæsar's equal Peers,  
With them I'll bring to dry my Peoples Tears.

Publicola with healing Hands shall pour  
Balm in their Wounds, and shall their Life restore :

Greeks Arts, and Roman Arms, in her conjoyn'd  
Shall England raise, relieve oppress'd Mankind.

As Jove's great Son th' infested Globe did free  
From noxious Monsters, Hell-born Tyranny :

So shall my England in a Holy War,

In Triumph lead chain'd Tyrants from afar :

Her true Crusado shall at last pull down

The Turkish Crescent, and the Persian Sun.

Freed by thy Labours, Fortunate, Blest Isle,

The Earth shall rest, the Heav'n shall on thee  
smile ;

And this kind Secret for Reward shall give,

No poyson'd Tyrants on the Earth shall live.

---

## HODGE'S VISION FROM THE MONUMENT,

*December 1675.*

*A Country Clown call'd Hodge, went up to view  
The Pyramid ; pray mark what did ensue.*

WHEN Hodge had number'd up how many  
score

The airy Pyramid contain'd, he swore,  
No Mortal Weight e'er climb'd so high before :  
To the best vantage plac'd, he views around  
Th' Imperial Town, with lofty Turrets crown'd ;  
That wealthy Storehouse of the bounteous Flood,  
Whose peaceful Tides o'erflow our Land with  
Good ;  
Confused Forms flit by his wandring Eyes,  
And his wrapt Soul's o'erwhelm'd with Extasies :  
Some God it seems has enter'd his plain Breast,  
And with's Abode the rustick Mansion blest ;  
Almighty Change he feels in every part,  
Light shines in's Eyes, and Wisdom rules his  
Heart :

So when her pious Son fair Venus shew'd  
His flaming Troy, with slaughter'd Dardans  
strew'd ;

She purg'd his Opticks fill'd with mortal Night,  
 And Troy's sad doom he read by Heaven's  
 Light.

Such Light Divine broke on the clouded Eyes  
 Of humble Hodge.

Regions remote, Courts, Councils, Policies,  
 The circling Wills of Tyrants Treacheries :  
 He Views, Dicers, Uncyphers, Penetrates,  
 From Charles's Dukes, to Europe's armed States.  
 First he beholds proud Rome and France com-  
 bin'd,

By double Vassalage t' enslave Mankind ;  
 That wou'd the soul, this wou'd the Body sway,  
 Their Bulls and Edicts none must disobey.  
 For these with War sad Europe they inflame,  
 Rome says for God, and France declares for  
 Fame:

See Sons of Satan, know Religion's force  
 Is Gentleness, Fame bought with Blood a Curse.  
 He whom all stil'd Delight of humane Kind,  
 Justice and Mercy, Truth with Honour join'd ;  
 His kindly Rays cherish the teeming earth,  
 And struggling Virtue blest with prosperous Birth ;  
 Like Chaos you the tott'ring Globe invade,  
 Religion cheat, and War ye make a Trade.  
 Next the lewd Palace of the Plotting King,  
 To's Eyes new Scenes of Frantick Folly bring ;  
 Behold (says he) the Fountain of our Woe,  
 From whence our Vices and our Ruin flow :

Here Parents their own Off-spring prostitute,  
By such vile Arts t'obtain some viler Suit;  
Here blooming Youth adore Priapus Shrine,  
And Priests pronounce him Sacred and Divine.  
The Goatish God behold in his Alcove,  
(The secret Scene of Damn'd incestuous Love)  
Melting in Lust, and drunk like Lot he lies  
Betwixt two bright Daughter-Divinities:  
Oh! that like Saturn he had eat his Brood,  
And had been thus stain'd with their impious  
Blood,

He had in that less Ill, more Manhood shew'd,  
Cease, cease, (O C——) thus to pollute our Isle,  
Return, return to thy long-wish'd Exile;  
There with thy Court defile thy Neighbour-States,  
And with their Crimes precipitate their Fates;  
See where the Duke in damn'd Divan does sit,  
To's vast Designs wracking his Pigmy Wit;  
Whilst the Choice Senate of th' Ignatian Crew,  
The ways to Murder, Treason, Conquest shew.  
Dissenters they oppress with Laws severe,  
That whilst to wound those Innocents, we fear,  
Their cursed Sect we may be forc'd to spare.  
Twice the Reformed must fight a Bloody Prize,  
That Rome and France may on their Ruin rise.  
Old Bonner single Hereticks did burn,  
These Reform'd Cities into Ashes turn,  
And every Year new Fires make us mourn.  
Ireland stands ready for his cruel Reign;

Well fatned once, he gapes for Blood again,  
For Blood of English Martyrs basely slain.  
Our valiant Youth abroad must learn the Trade  
Of unjust War, their Country to invade,  
Whilst others here do guard us to prepare  
Our galled Necks his Iron Yoke to bear.  
Lo how the Wight already is betray'd,  
And Bashaw Holmes does the poor Isle invade;  
T' ensure the Plot, France must her Legions lend  
Rome to restore, and to enthrone Rome's Friend:  
'Tis in return, James does our Fleet betray;  
(That Fleet whose Thunder made the World  
obey;)

Ships once our Safety, and our glorious might,  
Are doom'd with Worms and Rottenness to fight;  
Whilst France rides sovereign o'er the British  
Main,  
Our Merchants robb'd, and our brave Seamen  
ta'ne.

Thus this rash Phaeton with fury hurl'd,  
And rapid Rage consumes our British World.  
Blast him, O Heavens! in his mad Career,  
And let this Isle no more his Frenzy fear.  
C—— J——, 'tis he that all good Men abhor,  
False to thy self, but to thy Friend much more;  
To him\* who did thy promis'd Pardon hope,  
Whilst with pretended Joy he kiss'd the Rope:

---

\* Coleman.

O'rewhelm'd with Guilt, and gasping out a Lie,  
 Deceiv'd and unprepar'd, thou let'st him Die,  
 With equal Gratitude and Charity.  
 In spite of Jermin, and of Black-mouth'd Fame,  
 This S——ts Trick legitimates thy Name.  
 With one consent we all her Death desire,  
 Who durst her Husband's and her King's conspire;  
 And now just Heaven's prepar'd to set us free,  
 Heaven and our Hopes are both oppos'd by thee.  
 Thus fondly thou do'st Hide's old Treason own,  
 Thus mak'st thy new suspected Treason known.

Bless me! What's that at Westminster I see?  
 That piece of Legislative Pageantry!  
 To our dear James, has Rome her Conclave lent?  
 Or has Charles bought the Paris Parliament?  
 None else would promote James with so much  
 Zeal,

Who by Proviso hopes the Crown to Steal:  
 See how in humble guise the Slaves advance,  
 To tell a Tale of Army and of France.  
 Whilst proud Prerogative in scornful Guise,  
 Their Fear, Love, Duty, Danger does despise;  
 There in a brib'd Committee they contrive  
 To give our Birth-rights to Prerogative:  
 Give, did I say? They sell, and sell so dear,  
 That half each Tax D——y distributes there.  
 D——y, 'tis fit the price so great should be,  
 They sell Religion, sell their Liberty.  
 These Vipers have their Mothers Entrails torn;

And wou'd by force a second time been born ;  
They haunt the place to which you once were  
sent,

This Ghost of a departed Parliament.\*

Gibbets and Halters Country men prepare,  
Let none, let none, their Renegadoes spare.  
When that Day comes we'll part the Sheep and  
Goats.

The spruce brib'd Monsieurs from the true Grey  
Coats.

New Parliaments, like Manna, all Tastes please,  
But kept too long, our Food turns our Disease ;  
From that loath'd sight, Hodge turn'd his weeping  
Eyes,

And London thus alarms with Loyal Cries.  
Tho' common danger does approach so nigh,  
This stupid Town sleeps in Security :  
Out of your Golden dream, awake, awake,  
Your All, your All, tho' you see't not's at Stake ;  
More dreadful fires approach your falling Town,  
Than those that burnt your stately Structures  
down,

Such fatal Fires as once in Smithfield shone.  
If then ye stay till Edwards † Order give,  
No mortal Arm your Safety can retrieve ;  
See how with Golden Baits the crafty Gaul  
Has brib'd our Geese to yield the Capitol ;

---

\* October 15th, 1676.

† Mayor.



And will ye tamely see your selves betray'd?  
Will none stand up in our dear Country's Aid?

Self-preservation, Nature's first great Law,  
All the Creation, except Man, does awe:  
'Twas in him fix'd, till lying Priests defac'd  
His Heav'n-born Mind, and Nature's Tablets  
raz'd.

Tell me (ye forging Crew) what Law reveal'd  
By God, to Kings the *Jus Divinum* seal'd  
If to do good, ye *Jus Divinum* call,  
It is the grand Prerogative of all:  
If to do Ill unpunish'd be their Right,  
Such Power's not granted that great King of  
Night,

Man's Life moves on the Poles of hope and fear,  
Reward and Pain all Orders do revere.  
But if your dear Lord Sov'raign you would spare,  
Admonish him in his Blood-thirsty Heir:  
So when the Royal Lion does offend,  
The beaten Cur's Example makes him mend.  
This said, poor Hodge, then in a broken tone,  
Cry'd out, Oh Charles! thy Life, thy Life, thy  
Crown;

Ambitious James, and Bloody Priests conspire,  
Plots, Papists, Murders, Massacre and Fire;  
Poor Protestants! With that his Eyes did roll,  
His Body fell, out fled his frightened Soul.

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## APPENDICES.



### APPENDIX. I.



#### THE DEONENTS ABOUT THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

*Anonymous.*

THE Mighty Monarch of this British Isle,  
Disturb'd to hear his Subjects prate and smile,  
That he is so content to own a Son  
For to inherit th' Imperial Throne,  
To please his Queen, and put by both his own.  
But finding England not so credulous,  
And clear-ey'd Orange more suspect than us,  
By Instigation of the Q. and P.  
He summons all together as you see,  
And there declares his own Sufficiency.  
He says his Subjects Minds so poison'd are,  
They'll not believe God bless'd him with an Heir,

But to convince them they are in the wrong,  
In comes the Swearers, and depose as long  
A Narrative as perjurd O——es could do;  
What these depose unquestionably's true,  
Our King says so, who dares say other now?  
There's Lords, Knights, Ladies, Squires,  
Quacks, and all  
The Papal Locusts that infect Whitehall,  
They swear what King would have to gain their  
Ends,  
Since he's a Prince that ne'er forgets his Friends.  
But Witness Bishops, for your Loyalty  
He makes you great, he did bestow on ye,  
To keep you safe, his strongest, greatest, Fort;  
While ye were there the Tower was the Court.  
All fled from James, to you for Blessing came;  
Imprisonment immortaliz'd your Name:  
Bishops of England's Church were Men of Fame.  
And since his Dire Designs in Law have fail'd,  
He seems to smile, You are to Council call'd,  
To hear the Worthy, Loyal Swearers swear,  
That at the Birth of Wales's Prince they were.  
And first begins Old England's barren Q.\*  
That at her Sister's Labour was not seen  
Till all was past; yet for the Holy Cause  
She'll do whate'er she can to blind the Laws  
Of England, and doth there declare and say,

---

\* Queen-Dowager.

She hasten'd to the Queen that very Day,  
And never stirr'd till this great Prince was Born,  
For th' Nation's Glory, but he proves their Scorn;  
Except of these that on him daily wait,  
Whose Loyal Love is only to be great.

Next comes Old P—is, who a Story feigns  
Of Riff-Raff Stuff to fill the Peoples Brains,  
Of what she saw and knew about the thing;  
And in a modest Circumstance doth bring  
Of something, which into the World he brought,  
And by the Doctors gave him, as she thought.  
Now as a Governess she attends his Grace,  
And would not for all Heaven quit her Place;  
So sweet a Babe, so fine a hopeful Lad,  
The forward'st Son the Father ever had.

Then A—ns Countess with her Oath comes  
in,  
That at the Prince's Birth herself had been,  
And how she heard Complainings from the  
Queen,  
Of little Pains, and then the Child was seen.  
But, Oh! He did not cry; the Q. baul'd out  
For fear 'twas dead, but Granny clear'd the Doubt.  
And farther Honour this Great Lady had,  
She saw Smock spoil'd with Milk, (the Sign was  
bad.)

And P—gh could not be beguil'd.  
Knowing the Father's Strength, (at thought she  
smil'd)

She saw Queen's Smock, and swears she was with  
Child.

While Pious Sun——nd to Chappel went  
On Purpose to receive the Sacrament,  
Devotion was so great, she disobey'd  
Her Majesty, and said, When she had Pray'd  
She'd wait on her: but hearing that the Prince  
Was hast'ning to the World, this, this Pretence  
Soon brought our Saint-like Lady quick from  
thence;

And from her bended knees flew to the Queen,  
And there saw all the Sight was to be seen.  
The Bed was warm'd, and into it she went,  
And ask'd the King if for the Guests he'd sent;  
And lingring Pain she had and seem'd to fear  
'Tould not be Born till all the Fools were there;  
But by her Midwife was assured one Pain  
Would bring the Prince into the World amain.  
But faithless Queen! The Child did lye so high,  
She'd not believe but Judith told a Lie;  
And such an Honour to this Deponent granted,  
'Tis hardly more by th' Pope for to be Sainted.

R——mon swears she stood by Sun——land,  
Near the Queen's Bed, just by the Midwife's Hand,  
And saw his Highness taken out of Bed,  
Fit for a Crown t' adorn his Princely Head.

F——gal depos'd, that in the Queen's Distress,  
She stood at the Bed's Feet just by M——ss,  
And saw the Prince into the World did come,

And by D——dy carried from the Room.

Then painted B——ley early in the Morn  
Came to St. James's to see his Highness Born:  
With all the Haste she could she up did rise,  
Soon dress'd, she came by Nine a Clock precise,  
And found her Majesty was in the Bed,  
And groaning dismally, she further said,  
Cry'd to the Midwife, Do not the Child part.  
Old Granny crav'd her leave: With all her Heart  
She granted what the Bedlam did desire,  
And certain 'tis there was no danger nigh her,  
Crying, O King, where are you fled?  
He said, I'm kneeling, Madam, on your Bed.  
This plain Deponent bellows bawdy forth,  
To be expos'd both East, West, South and North,  
Without e'er Fear or Shame, barrs Modesty  
For to outface the World with such a Lie.

Then Pocky B——sis the next comes in,  
And says she saw the Cast of Charles's Queen;  
And hearing that the Q——n in Labour was,  
She hurried in without a Call or Pass.  
With this Excuse (she knew she was forgot)  
Where she talks Bawdy, shews Impudence, what  
not?

Expose herself in Print to shew her Love,  
Exalted by the King and One above,  
She'll lie and swear, forswear to prop the Cause,  
That baffles England's sound and wholesome Laws,  
Then Lady W—grave, who was there before

This Royal Babe was launched from the Shoar,  
And heard her Majesty cry out full sore.

Then C—ne and sottish Went—th say the same,  
With S—yer, Wal—ve, D—son, that they came  
And saw this Wonder which the World won't own,  
And blames their little Faith, to think this Son  
Is Spurious, and not in Truth proceeding  
From Majesty, when they all saw him Bleeding ;  
Nay, gave him of his Blood (squeezed from the  
String.

That did the Royal Babe into the World bring.

Then Br—ley, T—ni, and Nan C—ry too,  
Swear they saw all the Work that was to do,  
And more by half is sworn than they'll prove true.

Then comes Delabady the Great Nurse,  
Who with the Queen is all in all in Trust,  
And swears than Dan—rs, Maid to Princess Ann,  
Was joy'd to see this little Royal Man,  
With former Mark on Eye which us'd to be  
On all Q. Mary's Royal Progeny.  
James seem'd to doubt that which before he knew,  
And fear'd this Treacherous Nurse not told him  
true ;

But he must peep and see the Royal Elf,  
And joy'd as if he had got him his own self.

For Mrs. W—ks, who doubts but she would  
say  
She brought the Prince to Town that very Day ;  
And told the King the trembling Queen did fear

'Twould be hard Labour (tho' no Child was there;)

Explains most impudently those Concerns,

- That follow Women when they cast their Barns.  
And what cares she, the Hereticks she'll blind,  
And then we fear the King will prove most kind  
To all those wretches which swear to his Mind.

Then comes the Washer-woman, Mrs. P——ce,  
Who says that to the Queen she is Laundress;  
And there declares a Story of Hot Linen,  
That us'd to come just from Child-bearing  
Women.

Rich—nd and Li—d, and brave Ma—all,  
Tho' not at Labour, they believe it all;  
And fain would be believed, if these Tools  
By swearing falsely could make us such Fools:  
They give such Demonstrations, that do lye  
As much aside as they do Modesty,

Then comes Great George of England, Chan-  
cellour,  
Who was with Expedition call'd to th' Labour:  
The Queen cry'd out, as Women us'd to do,  
And he believes the Prince is real too,  
But not so certain, nor 'tis fear'd so true  
As he wears Horns that were by M——fort made;  
Them and his Noise makes all the Fools afraid;  
Tongue runs at random, and Horn pushes those  
That are so Learn'd his Lordship to oppose.  
He fears to act no wretched Villanies,



He dreads no Torments for inventing Lies,  
 For he of Heav'n is sure whene'er he dies :  
 Thanks to the Care of fond indulgent Wife,  
 To make Atonement for his wicked Life,  
 Damns her own Soul, and whores with all she  
       cou'd,

To allay th' impetuous Salleys of her Blood.

Lord P——dent comes next, that's now  
       cashier'd

For only speaking of the Truth 'tis fear'd ;  
 Yet he for to be great again at Court  
 Would be forsworn tho' he be damned for't.

Then A——del of W——dour, Privy Seal,  
 Was so concern'd that he Her Pains did feel ;  
 And 'tis believ'd this tender-hearted Man  
 Did feel as much as Majesty did then ;  
 He shew'd indeed Concern to mighty W——m,  
 Who knew too much to have Concern for him ;  
 But satisfy'd the Fool it would be past,  
 And wonder'd much her Pain so long did last.

Then comes my Lord All-Pride with Modesty,  
 And seems unwilling to affirm a Lie ;  
 With Stately Gesture he did himself excuse,  
 But setting Hand to Paper can't refuse.

Then foolish C——n comes and doth depose,  
 A Mark he hath that he the Prince well knows ;  
 If't be his Lordship's Mark he ne'er must rule,  
 For Europe knows that he's mark'd for a Fool.

Then in comes F——sham, that Haughty Beau,

And tells a Tale of den, and dat, and how ;  
Tho' he's no more believ'd than all the rest,  
Only poor Man he fain would do his best  
And be rewarded as when come from West.

Earl of M——ray, that Alexander Great,  
Believes it was the King did the Feat,  
And that this Son is true, and not a Cheat,  
Than M——ton and M——ford both explain'd  
The Business which they from the King had  
gain'd;

As knowing Men, his Majesty did trust  
His Consort's Secrets, hoping they'd be just  
To his Endeared Son, our Mighty Prince,  
That, as he thought, would hide his Impotence.  
G——n too with Confidence pretends  
It is true Born, but 'tis for his own Ends

And F——x a Story tells of God knows what;  
To fool the Nation's all he would be at.  
He keeps in Favour with his Princely Grace,  
He fawn and flatters for to keep his Place.

Then Famous Sca——ugh and Wi——ly,  
With W——ve, B——dy, and A——nd, do lie,  
And bring their Circumstances to convince  
The World that 'tis a real High-born Prince :  
Thus they stick out at nothing that will do  
The Nation Wrong, and bring to England Woe.  
Base mercenary Slaves, for a King's Smile  
Would Spurious Issue rear, and us beguile;  
That fawn on him, and more observe a Nod,

Than fear the Vengeance of an angry God;  
And on the Turn o'th Times would all fly back,  
And let his Highness Interest go to wrack.

Two depositions more to Council sent,  
Asham'd to appear to farther the Intent  
Of Popish principles and Perjuries;  
None but the Devil could invent such Lies.

Then after this the King himself declares  
He don't design with England to make Wars;  
But he such Aggravations hath of late,  
That he must needs be angry with the State,  
A Specious Prologue he concludes withal;  
But Ah, the Protestants he vows shall fall  
A Sacrifice to Rome, and his Revenge;  
Then, Soldiers, fear not Fools, but scorn to  
cringe;  
Be Resolute and Stout, and scorn to sell  
Your Souls to Rome, but send the Pope to Hell.



## APPENDIX II.

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TWO DIALOGUES.

## DIALOGUE I.

BETWEEN AN UNFORTUNATE NOBLEMAN AND  
HIS BEAUTIFUL LADY, WHO HAD SURREN-  
DERED HER CHARMS TO THE CARESSES OF  
HER SOVEREIGN.

*Anonymous.*

---

*Lord.*

BANE of my Life, once object of my joys,  
Who'd Pow'r to bless, but now has curs'd my  
choice;  
Charming in Feature, of an awful Mein,  
Without an Angel, but a Dev'l within;  
Beauteous but Lustful, Gen'rous not Good,  
Modest in publick, but in private Lewd.  
What vile Asmodeus has inflam'd thy Breast?  
Why so deprav'd, and with such Graces blest?  
How could a Lady so devoutly bred,  
Be tempted to defile her Marriage-Bed?  
Why to your Husband would you prove unjust,  
And shame yourself to please a Monarch's Lust?

D

Why would you make such Charms your Prince's  
Sport

To be a false, tho' glitt'ring Lamp at Court?  
When if you'd sav'd your Honour you had been  
Altho' a Subject, greater than a Queen;  
For had such Beauty been with Vertue join'd,  
Both had the Lustre of a Crown out-shin'd;  
But, now, alas, dark lustful Clouds arise,  
Obscure your Brightness and eclipse your Eyes.  
Your odious Guilt your Female Charms debase,  
Your sinful Deeds your Quality disgrace,  
And cast a nauseous Mist all o'er your lovely  
Face.

Why, therefore, would you play such wanton  
Freaks,

And with adult'rous Blushes stain your Cheeks?  
Why thus become a Paramour of State,  
To only be more titular Great.

*Lady.*

What Woman can resist a King's Amours?  
Or who refuse what Majesty implores?  
What Female Subject durst to disapprove?  
Or give resistance to a Monarch's Love?  
What they command, our wisest Teachers say,  
We're strictly bound in Duty to obey;  
And if the Secret Favours they exact,  
Are base, unjust, and sinful in the Act,

The Sin's not ours, because we don't deny,  
But theirs, whose Pow'r can force us to comply.  
How then could I his Royal Will withstand  
Who stoop'd to Beg what Princes might  
Command?

Besides, when Love, that Tyrant, has possess'd  
A spritely Monarch, and inflam'd his Breast,  
What beauteous Object of his am'rous Grief  
Would venture to deny a King relief,  
And hazard that Revenge her Sights may find  
Rather than strain her Vertue to be kind?  
Woman, tho' ne'er so Chaste, in such a case,  
May sooth his Passion, and thro' Fear transgress,  
Because in Love 'tis safer to engage,  
Than run the hazard of a Prince's Rage :  
When sov'reign Pow'r attacks we cannot fly,  
The want of Courage makes the Fair comply.

*Lord.*

These are dark Arguments the am'rous feign,  
T'excuse the lustful Habits they retain.  
The faithless Wife by Nature is a Jilt,  
And never wants a Plea to sooth her Guilt.  
Woman debauch'd, tho' she approves the Sin,  
Reflects the blame on those that drew her in ;  
And tho' she seeks the Pleasures that she loves,  
Would fain be thought more Modest than she  
proves.

Had Grace and Duty influenc'd your Mind,  
 And your soft Youth to Vertue been inclin'd,  
 When once you found just Reasons to distrust  
 Your Charms had fan'd the Fire of Royal Lust,  
 And that your Prince was eagerly design'd  
 To tempt ye by his Flatt'ries to be kind,  
 You shou'd have then from Court your Smiles  
 withdrawn

When his false Love was in its early dawn;  
 For 'tis a Maxim that does seldom miss,  
 Remove the Cause and the Effect with cease.  
 Instead of that, forgetful of the Shame,  
 You fan'd his Lust and glory'd in his Flame,  
 With equal Passion met his warm Embrace,  
 And turn'd upon him in his am'rous Chase,  
 Stop't his pursuit, receiv'd him in your Arms,  
 And bid the Monarch welcome to your Charms.

*Lady.*

When Woman finds at last she must comply,  
 'Tis better early to be free than shy:  
 A Gen'rous Freedom to a Gen'rous Mind,  
 Shews love instead of Int'rest makes us kind,  
 Doubles a Prince's Passion by Surprise,  
 And makes his Bounty equal to his Joys:  
 When she that's conquer'd by a seemiug Force,  
 And when she rises counterfeits Remorse,  
 Thinks by false Tears t'extenuate her Guilt,

Loses her Aim, and for the Drops she 'as spilt,  
Is always constru'd but the greater Jilt.  
Suppose to shew my Vertue, I had fled  
From Court and had despis'd a Monarch's Bed,  
Shewn my Resentment of his lawless Flame,  
If a King's Love deserves so bad a Name;  
Such Provocations might have work'd a Change  
And turn'd his Passion into dire Revenge;  
Th' effect of such a pow'rful Lovers wrath,  
Might still have prov'd more fatal to us both;  
For she who wins a Monarch by her Charms,  
And flies his Presence to escape his Arms,  
Be she a beauteous Virgin or a Wife,  
Conspires against his Ease, if not his Life;  
And should a Husband's Counsel be the Cause  
That the King's Fav'rite from his Court with-  
draws,  
The slighted Monarch full of Love and Rage,  
May bring them both upon the fatal Stage;  
For Kings, whose Love does into Fury change,  
Ne'er want a Plot to satiate their Revenge:  
Therefore 'twas Prudence rather to submit,  
Than run the risque of an obscure Retreat;  
And better far for you to be content,  
Than clamour at those wrongs you can't prevent.  
Who would not such a small Affront disdain,  
Sooner than Grin, and shew his Teeth in vain,  
Forget the Pleasures of his Nuptial Bed,  
And lose a Wife much rather than his Head.



Reflect not on my Failings, but desist,  
And of two Evils wisely chuse the least.

*Lord.*

'Tis hard you should your Nuptial Contract break,  
And I that am thus injur'd fear to speak:  
Your Threat'nings shew how you approve your  
Vice,  
And that you made your sinful Shame your  
choice.

I know too well that I am not secure,  
Princes in Love no Rivals can endure;  
Th' approaching Danger does, alas, appear;  
I see my End, or my Confinement, near.  
Ills always are by greater Ills pursu'd,  
Adult'ry is too oft confirm'd by Blood:  
The lustful King that basely does invade  
The Nuptial Pleasures of a Subjects Bed,  
By some pretence the Cuckold should destroy,  
For fear Revenge should reach him in his Joy,  
Or force his injured Rival, by Command,  
On pain of Death to quit his Native Land.  
Since you have thus your Marriage - Vows  
transgress,

I know my Fare will be but hard at best.

O faithless Woman, thus at once to blast,  
My Joys, and all my future hopes o'erblast:  
By thee to lasting Mis'ries I'm betray'd,  
By thee my Life one settl'd Storm is made,

By thy Desertion am I dispossess  
Of all the Comforts that enriched my Breast.  
Curs'd be the Tyrant that invades my Right,  
May anxious Thoughts torment him Day and  
Night,  
May none but Fools and Rebels guard his Throne,  
By Whores be beggar'd, and by Knaves undone:  
May he be punish'd by a Bastard-Race,  
And not one lawful Son his Palace Grace:  
May he starve Merit, and ungrateful prove  
To all his Friends that have deserv'd his Love;  
May he be only Generous and Free,  
To mercenary Jilts more Lewd than thee;  
Give all to those who study his Disgrace,  
Till grown as Poor as they are False and Base:  
And when he 'as thus exhausted all his Store,  
May Parliaments refuse to give him more:  
May all his Whores be false to his Embrace,  
And fill his Court with a rebellious Race:  
May they be kindest to his greatest Foes,  
And all his Secrets in their arms disclose;  
May treach'rous Knaves into his Treasure dive,  
Himself grow Needy, while his Harlots thrive:  
May only Pimps and Flatt'ers have his Ear,  
Till he becomes a Prince without a Peer,  
Be made the common Subject of Lampoon,  
Till Ridicul'd by all the Fops in Town:  
May Fears and Jealousies perplex his Days,  
And ev'ry Jilt he keeps becomes a *Lais*:

May groundless Plots turmoil his harass'd Reign,  
And hard-mouth'd Villians publick Credit gain,  
Amuse his Kingdom with prepost'rous Lies,  
And make his People think him weak, tho' wise :  
May he commence more Debts than he can pay,  
Till Duns and Murmurs plague him ev'ry Day :  
May he to kiss the City Wives descend,  
And of their Husbands borrow Sums to spend.  
Thus Chouse the wealthy Cuckolds of the  
Change,  
Till the Horn'd Crew turn Rebels thro' Revenge.  
In this Condition let him Live and Reign,  
Till his Strength fails him and his Lusts remain,  
Then may he give up the Supream Command,  
And die a Beggar in a wealthy Land.

As for your part, may your adult'rous Charms  
Prove False and Treach'rous to his Lustful Arms,  
Till by himself detected in your Guilt,  
And manifestly proved an arrant Jilt,  
In Indignation from his Bed be thrown,  
And made the common Jest of all the Town,  
May that sweet Beauty which you now can boast  
Be render'd nauseous by your shameful Lust :  
May your wild Fancy range the publick Fairs,  
And fix on Dancers of the Ropes and Play'rs,  
Betray your Charms into the Arms of Slaves,  
Till scoff'd by Scoundrels and misus'd by Knaves.  
Thus may you live at large, profusely Lewd,  
And never entertain one Thought of Good ;

Despis'd by th' Issue of your Monarch's Loins,  
Who owe their Birth to your adulterous Sins.  
When wither'd grown, with batter'd Beaus  
engage,  
Be deem'd the only *Lais* of the Age,  
And forc'd to herd with Strumpets of the Stage.

*Lady.*

Thank ye, my Lord, 'tis nobly wish'd, I'll swear,  
But Heaven's too good to hear so vile a Pray'r:  
I thank my Stars I now am plac'd above  
The Fury of your poor revengeful Love.  
I have a Monarch now to stand my Friend,  
And you had best take care how you offend.  
Farewel, I owe no Duty now to you,  
What you deem shameful I shall still pursue,  
And will obey my Prince, superior of the two.

---

DIALOGUE II.

BETWEEN A SALACIOUS MONARCH, AND HIS  
BARREN CONSORT.

*Anonymous.*

---

*Consort.*

WHY, my good Liege, will you debase your  
Throne.  
And with ignoble Stains defile your Crown?

Why tarnish all the Glories of your Reign,  
And let your headstrong Lust your Laws pro-  
phane?

Why in such Pomp and Equipage support  
Such crowds of Harlots to disgrace your Court,  
And, in their Grandeur, let your Kingdom see,  
How much you value them, how little me?

*Monarch.*

Who'd be a Monarch that must Reign in fear  
His Fav'rites should in publick Pomp appear?  
Let the Saints grin, and Faction roar aloud,  
Kings are above the Scandal of the Croud.  
What if we're am'rous, and to Love inclin'd,  
Monarchs should sute their Pleasures to their  
Mind;

With Honours load those Beauties they adore,  
And sanctify their Vices by their Pow'r:  
Grandeur gives every thing a charming Face:  
We ought to favour those that we embrace;  
For Wealth and Title do the Kind protect  
From publick Scandal, and command Respect.  
When those are wanting, then the gen'rous Dame,  
Whene'r she's known to Sin, must blush for  
shame,

Whilst Her Grace passes in her stately Coach,  
From one stale Pleasure to a new Debauch,  
And brazens Envy, fearless of Reproach.

*Consort.*

But you too many Prostitutes approve,  
And are too Lib'ral of your Royal Love,  
Lavish your Treasure to indulge your Sins,  
And starve your Friends t' enrich your Concu-  
bines,  
Such that are drawn from Playhouses and Stews,  
Of Mold too base for such a Prince's use,  
Meer Wantons, who can boast but slender Charms  
And those defil'd, long since, by others Arms:  
Nor are they constant now to your Em'brace,  
At least suspected to be false and base:  
Why therefore should you thus at large impart  
Your Royal Favours where there's no Desert?

*Monarch.*

We value not so much the Face or Mein,  
But love those Merits that are most unseen,  
Which ne'er are boasted by the Female Race,  
But when they're search'd for in the proper place;  
Nor ever shewn but when the Fair exert  
Their Love, and then each condescending part  
Takes Pains to prove they're Women of Desert.  
Such, Madam, are the Ladies we admire,  
Who find new joyful Arts to quench Desire,  
And have a thousand Charms to Queens unknown,  
Worthy of his Embrace that Rules a Throne:

What tho' the Mold be course, the surface mean,  
 Poor Earth sometimes contains rich Mines within,  
 Treasures unknown that may reward the Toil  
 Of only him that digs the charming Soil ;  
 Besides, tho' Woman cannot boast her Birth,  
 Or vainly glory in her Parents worth,  
 Yet Kings, by Honour, can refine her Blood,  
 And make her Noble, tho' she's ne'er so lewd :  
 'Tis all a Jest, the difference is so small  
 'Twixt City-Dames and Ladies at Whitehall,  
 That thro' our whole Experience, we protest,  
 We ne'er could tell whose Honour is the best.

*Consort.*

You're now, my Liege, too jocular and free ;  
 Such droll'ry derogates from Majesty.  
 My Birth and Station will not let me hear  
 Such Talk, I humbly beg you to forbear ;  
 I only crave the freedom to report  
 What Whispers I have heard around your Court,  
 That your whole Kingdom is inflam'd to see  
 Their Prince indulg'd in Vice and Luxury ;  
 Disturb'd to find your Treasure vainly spent,  
 Design'd to serve the Ends of Government,  
 T'enrich your craving Harlots, and advance  
 The Pride of a young Wanton sent from France,  
 Whilst your poor Friends of your Neglects com-  
     plain,  
 And hover daily round your Throne in vain.

*Monarch.*

These are the Bell'wings of the factious Croud,  
Who love to roar against their King aloud,  
And had they Pow'r would gladly pull us down,  
Because they've spy'd a Cross upon our Crown.  
Or should we wave that frightful Popish Toy,  
And to take off the Christian Badge comply,  
They'd do the same for any other Reason why.

None but the Saints should have the Regale  
Place,

Because Dominion is founded in Grace.

They only think that Kings usurp their Right,  
And therefore grin and murmur out of spight,  
Our Ears are deaf when Calvin's Tribe complains,  
Their Dog-star Zeal oft over-heats their Brains.  
Or do we fear their Leaders, who support  
Their Cause, and Buz their Malice thro' our  
Court;

We watch their Motions, and have depth of Line  
To fathom every bold and base Design;  
We know how far they have their Projects drove,  
And ev'ry secret Spring by which they move.  
Nor shall our Leisure-Pleasures or Amours,  
Made by our foes their Coffee-House Discourse,  
Postpone our Care of Bus'ness, or prevent  
Our due regard to Regal Government:  
But they shall timely find their Plot in vain,  
And that we still will Love as well as Reign,



Consult our Joys, our Pleasures, and our Ease,  
Yet still be King, and Honour whom we please.

*Consort.*

But Kings, my Liege, should good Examples  
give,  
And strictly up to Vertues Maxims live,  
Subdue their loose Desires, their Lusts command,  
Plant Piety, and with a sacred Hand,  
Scatter the Seeds of Goodness thro' the Land;  
For 'tis from Thrones and Courts that Vices  
flow,  
Those that sit high corrupt the Croud below:  
The Frappe will practice what the Great begin,  
And thus whole Nations are involv'd in Sin;  
Therefore it is, my Liege, that now I claim  
The modest Freedom of a Royal Dame,  
And beg you, as becomes your Regal Place,  
To throw those Wantons from your kind Em-  
brace,  
Who drein your Treasure, scandalize your  
Throne,  
And make you the Lampoon of all the Town,  
Betray your Princely Conduct, and expose  
Your humane Frailties to your crafty Foes,  
Who with ill'natur'd Tongues your Vices tell,  
And ev'ry Mole-hill to a Mountain swell,

Rail at th' indecent Liberties you take,  
And on your Failings base Reflexions make,  
Excite your weaker Subjects to prophane  
The Name of King, and to reproach your Reign,  
Forgetting all the peaceful Joys they find,  
Beneath a Prince so merciful and kind.

Pray, Royal Sir, give Ear to my Discourse,  
And weigh the Scandal of your loose Amours;  
Consider what Reproach your Wantons bring  
Upon the Pow'r and Wisdom of a King,  
How their vain Pomp and ostentatious Pride,  
Anger your Subjects and the Land divide;  
How your own Freedoms teach the nobler Sort,  
To make a perfect Brothel of your Court;  
From whence their Vices like a Mist expand  
And spread their Poyson thro' the sinful Land;  
Whilst those who lightly can delight their Souls  
With Vertues Precepts and Religious Rules,  
Upon the growing Evil cry out Shame.  
And on their King's Example charge the Blame.

*Monarch.*

Monarchs are Gods on Earth, ally'd to Heaven,  
And ought not to have Rules by Subjects given,  
Are born to govern, have a Right to chuse  
Those Pleasures they are most inclin'd to use;  
Such that are sinful in the servile Croud,  
And only to their sov'reign Lords allow'd,

Who cannot Err, but when they circumvent  
The genuine Ends of lawful Government :  
'Tis Insolence in Subjects to controul  
The Freedoms of a Prince that Rules the  
whole ;

In them 'tis petty Treason to reflect  
Upon those secret Joys their Kings affect ;  
Nor have they cause to murmur or complain,  
If happy in their Monarch's peaceful Reign,  
Whilst with due Conduct he maintains his  
Trust,

In him they're blest and ought to think him Just.  
His private Failings, that alone relate  
To his own Pleasures, not the Publick State,  
Are Mysteries too daring and too dark,  
For Subjects, Slaves, or Servants to remark,  
They should lie hid from such inferior Eyes,  
Nor should they be expos'd to Factious Spies,  
But left to Heaven's Justice, who alone  
Has Right to censure those that Rule a Throne.

*Consort.*

But you, my Liege, so publicly expose  
Your carnal Pleasures to your factious Foes,  
That, without prying, they may see too plain  
Those obvious Errors that disgrace your Reign ;  
The Prostitutes you favour are enough,  
Their costly Grandeur are sufficient Proof,

That you indulge those Lusts you should subdue,  
 And teach your am'rous Court to do so too;  
 Therefore since you to love are so inclin'd,  
 And in your Harlots Arms such Pleasures find,  
 That rather than discard them and reclaim,  
 You'll chuse to suffer in your Royal Fame.  
 Methinks, it would become your Princely Care,  
 To keep your Joys more private than they are,  
 And not in publick Splendour thus support  
 A Crew of Wantons to degrade your Court.  
 Princes, like Cloister'd Priests, should hide their  
 Sins,

And, in the Dark, embrace their Concubines:  
 Not let their Friends or Fav'rites know what  
 Nights

They set apart for their obscene Delights,  
 And by those Badges which their Harlots wear,  
 Let the World see whose Prostitutes they are.  
 When Kings debauch they should the Curtain  
 draw,

And ne'er be seen to sin against the Law,  
 Lest their indecent Freedoms should entice  
 Their flatt'ring Court to imitate their Vice,  
 Who always practise what their Prince pursues,  
 Or rail at Freedoms that they scorn to use.

*Monarch.*

But 'tis beneath a Gen'rous Prince to prove  
 A Hypocrite to skreen his wanton Love;

'Tis a King's Glory that he dares be free,  
And none reprove him for his Liberty,  
And that he fears not to reward the Charms  
Of Beauty, that delight his Royal Arms,  
Or honour those engag'd in his Amours,  
That all may rev'rence whom the King adores.  
Princes, in publick manner, ought to shew  
Their kind Returns to secret Service due;  
For Royal Gratitude and Bounty shines  
Most bright i'th'Pomp of Friends and Concubines.

Had you, fair Madam, to our Comfort been  
A Royal Mother, as a Pious Queen,  
Then should we justly have incurr'd your Blame,  
And the whole Land might our Amours condemn;

But who, in vain, will Till infertile Ground,  
Or thrum upon a Lute that yields no sound?  
Should Laws on Kings such hard Injunctions lay,  
Beggars and Slaves would happier be than they.  
All Men, by Nature, are inclin'd to see  
Their Image in a spritely Progeny:  
Why then should he that Governs be deny'd  
A fruitful Mistress, if his Royal Bride,  
Thro' some Defect, obstructs the noble End  
To which the Joys of Nuptial Love should tend?  
What Rural-Slave would be content to sow  
Those hungry Acres where no Corn will grow?  
Why then should Royal Greatness be confin'd  
To barren Joys ingrateful to the Mind,

That's never truly pleas'd, but when it sees  
The End propos'd with ev'ry Act agrees?  
What Subject then can blame a Prince that  
flies

A fruitless Bride for more effectual Joys,  
When if himself would make the Case his own,  
He'd do the same, and justify the Throne?

**Finis.**



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